The Nation.

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The Week.

The most interesting parts of President Roosevelt's annual message relate to the financial crisis and business depression. On this subject his words are few but satisfactory. He again rebukes the foolish hoarders of money; declares that the banks of the country are solvent and its business methods as a rule honest; and pronounces in favor of measures to secure a more elastic currency. The President also has a judicious reference to the extravagance and the spirit of speculation which had so much to do with causing our present troubles. In these respects, his attitude is all that could be desired. Why, however, has he not a word about governmental extravagance? Every prudent man is now cutting down expenses: is no duty of retrenchment laid upon the government? President Roosevelt, however, appeals frequently for "liberal appropriations"; he nowhere urges economy. Indeed, the government estimates sent to Congress, in this time of general embarrassment and falling public revenues, call for $77,000,000 more than for the current fiscal year. Where is that great increase to come from? From taxation, of course, and that means that people who are struggling to meet their obligations are to have an extra financial burden laid upon them by the government. A good example of the way in which President Roosevelt persuades himself that what he wants must be had, no matter what the cost, appears in his recommendation of a great increase in the navy. Last year, he had arrived at what was set forth in his message as a carefully reasoned and settled naval policy. It was simply to make good the annual wastage, through deterioration, by building only one battleship a year. But now we are suddenly informed:

> To build one battleship a year . . . is not enough. In my judgment, we should this year provide for four.

This surprising recantation of the Presidential wisdom of last year unhappily goes with the suspicion that the battleships were to be sent to the Pacific partly in order to extort from Congress the building of more for the Atlantic. Ominous, in this connection, is the complaint made by Congressmen about the proposed laying off of 6,000 men in the various navy yards, and the reply of Secretary Metcalf that, if the official building programme is adopted, there will be work enough for all. For our part, we hope that the increase will be resisted in Congress, both on the ground, which President Roosevelt has before taken, that our present navy is large enough, and on the ground that, just now, the nation, like its citizens, must be economical.

Speaker Cannon's address to the Republican caucus on Saturday night, after his renomination without opposition, should be read by everybody who would have a clue to the probable course of legislation this winter. It was not only a stand-pat and do-nothing speech, but one full of scarcely veiled antagonism to the President. The Speaker declared himself against "experiment in legislation." He is also for "leaving to the people of the States the jurisdiction not granted to the Federal government." Even more outspoken was Mr. Cannon in opposition to the President's pet plan of a Federal inheritance tax. It could have been only that which the Speaker had in mind when he said:

> It is not wise to add to the revenue, and it is not necessary or desirable to transfer burdens from the local and State Treasuries to the Federal Treasury—to foster a centralizing power.

Whether it be true or false, as most of the Washington corrrespondents state, that Congress is already bristling with dislike of the President's large programme of law-making, it is clear that the Speaker of the House is for sitting tight and doing the least possible. His policy could not be called that of "Rest and be thankful"; it is more like "Rest and grumble," but, anyhow, it is "Rest."

One who expects the House of Representatives to be uniformly wise, statesmanlike, and far-sighted is frequently disappointed; but there may be still some comfort in the reflection that with all its faults the House *is* representative. And the House, which has just convened, viewed simply in its representative capacity, is perhaps a little more than ordinarily faithful as a reflection of the multifarious American people. It is thoroughly characteristic of our national habit of changing occupations and attacking brand-new tasks with confidence, that practically one-fourth of the members of this House have never served in Congress before. Only one-tenth of the new men are college graduates, a proportion not very far from that which would obtain among the leading citizens of a typical American town. The body as a whole represents the honest ignorance, the "want-to-know" spirit, of the country considerably better than it does its expertness and its learning. Yet the Representative who is reported as going straight to the Treasury Department to ask frankly what a bank reserve really is, is far from being the most dangerous sort of man to make our laws. As for purely political issues, the House comes much nearer than its predecessor to representing fairly the balance of parties at the time of its election. With 54 per cent. of the votes cast for Congress in 1904, the Republicans carried 64 per cent. of the seats in the "Roosevelt Congress." Last year, with less than 51 per cent. of the votes, they still hold 57 per cent. of the places. That, however, is as near to the facts as the figures are likely to come without some regular system of minority representation.

The plight of the Representative from the Thirty-fourth New York District, who could not go into the Republican Congressional caucus, and would not go into the Democratic, is a reminder of the price which under our system must be paid for any large share of political independence. We do not know who is to find fault with the logic of Col. Hepburn, the implacable chairman of the caucus. Peter A. Porter made a successful campaign against James W. Wadsworth, the regularly nominated Republican candidate for Congress. In the face of that fact, Mr. Porter's protestations of life-long Republicanism and a Presidential endorsement are unavailing. Those who do not support Republican candidates are Democrats, or no better than Democrats. If Mr. Porter had spent, not one life, but six reincarnations, in the Republican fold, and had been endorsed by twenty Presidents, his case would be no better. Just the same logic was applied last year by a Democratic Senator. "A member's right to act according to the dictates of his conscience is absolute," said Mr. Bailey, in effect, "but the caucus exists for party members in good standing." There have been free-lances in Congress before, and doubtless will be again, but the free-lance in the vast majority of cases ends by either withdrawing from public life or gravitating to the opposition party, unless, as sometimes happens, he comes home as a prodigal. A public man is indulged to-day in exhibitions of independence that would have been fatal to him when the school of political thought for which Col. Hepburn speaks was everywhere in control. But the whole theory of party government is inconsistent with the idea that a man may compass the defeat of his party ticket one year, and the next be welcomed with open arms to its inner councils.

The speeches before the Philadelphia Academy of Political and Social Science on Monday night were noteworthy be-

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cause several eminent financiers advocated the plan of a central bank. In October of last year the New York Chamber of Commerce adopted the report of a special committee suggesting such a bank of issue, on the lines of the state banks of Germany and France, as an alternative to such a revision of the present banking law as would provide asset currency. But the committee's report conceded the political obstacles in the way of the expedient, and John Claflin virtually dismissed the project as impracticable. Nevertheless, at the discussion in Philadelphia, the plan of a central bank was revived by William A. Nash of the New York Corn Exchange Bank and the Clearing House Committee, by Jacob H. Schiff and Isaac N. Seligman. Mr. Schiff was still inclined to the opinion that the country is not yet prepared to sanction a central institution with its wide powers. Mr. Nash, on the other hand, referred to this assumed public dislike as "a venerable and senseless prejudice which obstructs the national well-being," and declared that "we must kill this bugaboo and exorcise this ghost." Mr. Seligman, basing his argument on the great relief which such a bank would have been able to offer in the recent panic, was wholly in favor of it. No doubt, among the diverse schemes for banking and currency reform, this plan will get a more favorable hearing than it received a year ago—partly because the argument as to the service it would have done is sound, and partly because the distrust of a central bank can hardly be what it was in 1906. To talk of a huge new banking institution, backed by the public credit, was mere waste of words when people had before their eyes one of the most reckless exploits in abuse of credit by bankers and banking institutions already in the field. But the "boomers," "promoters," "syndicates," and "multi-millionaires," who built up that ill-fated Wall Street speculation of 1906, are not likely, for some years to come, to repeat the experiment. Whether this chastened spirit on the part of speculating capitalists is enough to remove all suspicion for the future, is another question. From a practical point of view, we suspect that the most formidable opposition to the scheme would come from the banks already doing business in this country—especially from the small institutions, whose influence on opinion, through personal intercourse with customers, is very great. They would certainly be up in arms against a central bank with branches, and they might not look kindly on the surrender of a few of their own present privileges into the hands of one great institution, even if the central bank were not to invade their territory.

The Charleston *News and Courier* has made the interesting discovery that, for the first time in many months, there is a surplus of freight cars for the handling of the business of the Southern Railway in its city:

> It appears, after all, therefore, that the Roosevelt panic has not been confined to the gamblers of Wall Street, so intimate are the relations between the actual business operations of the country and the speculation of Wall Street. It is not a healthy condition.

Things move slowly in the South, but the truth will penetrate. By and by a further understanding of what has happened and is happening may be looked for. The West, too, has awakened to the hard fact. At first all Westerners declared that the panic would affect them not at all. Now they are realizing that New York is still the financial heart of the country, and that anything that disturbs its functions is certain to be felt in the extremities. That Wall Street speculation and dishonest or "wild-cat" banking have had considerable to do with the panic, we have steadily pointed out. But rural editors may shortly be expected to recollect that the gamblers are comparatively few, and that honest bankers are with us in large numbers and honor the whole country, whose banking they so largely do. When all of these are affected, it is ridiculous to prate only of the gamblers. As for the slackening of trade in Charleston and elsewhere, the reasons for that are numerous. We would gladly dispense with all our Stock Exchange plungers, but there were economic and financial laws before they appeared, and will be even after the gamblers have been taken in hand.

Senator Foraker's announcement that he is a Presidential candidate will be everywhere accepted in just one way. It is not that he can expect to win, but that he hopes to make some one else fail. His declaration is really one of war upon the President, and upon the President's candidate. Viewed in any light, it must be taken as one blow more to the candidacy of Secretary Taft. It means a hard fight, from now on, in every district of Ohio, for the control of delegates to the National Convention. But unless political traditions are to be made over, the forcing of such a contest upon the "favorite son" of Ohio renders it certain that the wheels of his chariot will drive heavily in all other States. If even his own State is not heartily and unitedly behind him, how can Secretary Taft hope to arouse enthusiasm elsewhere? He has the President's endorsement, to be sure, but a good deal of political paper, even so endorsed, we see going to protest in these times. Senator Foraker rings the changes upon Mr. Roosevelt's alleged determination to "eliminate" him from public life. It is clear, however, that it is the Senator's main object at present to eliminate the Taft Presidential boom. It looks very much as if he would succeed.

President Joseph Swain of Swarthmore has submitted to twenty-six other college presidents the problem raised by the Jeanes bequest—money offered on condition of abolishing intercollegiate athletics. His statement of the problem was ingenious. Have the trustees of a college the right to bind their successors to such a restriction in perpetuity, he asks, and then, concretely, have they the right to do so if the inducement is (1) a million dollars or (2) fifty thousand dollars? The question would therefore seem to involve a delicate point of "cashuistry." In defence of Swarthmore's practical rejection of the gift we must grant that too many American colleges suffer to-day from charter restrictions, because of which they have received large gifts. Brown, for instance, until the Rhode Island Legislature abrogates a provision of its charter, must always choose a Baptist for president; Trinity is, we believe, tied to the Episcopal Church, and Wesleyan to the Methodist. These limitations were in accord with the spirit of times sixty or seventy years ago, but are now outgrown. Yet, if the Jeanes bequest had carried with it the condition of perpetual participation in intercollegiate athletics, we wonder how many college presidents would have seen so clearly a dangerous precedent, or a wrong to future faculties and trustees.

In the Canadian Parliament, which reassembled at Ottawa last week, the Japanese immigrant question should furnish one of the most interesting topics of discussion. We say discussion rather than debate, because it is not very probable that the Conservative opposition will espouse the cause of Asiatic immigration with exceptional zeal. The Ministerial statement declares that "the unexpected influx of immigrants from Oriental countries into British Columbia aroused a strong feeling of opposition." With the growing influence of the Canadian West, the sentiment of that section of the Dominion must naturally be more strongly reflected in the policy of both political parties; and it is apparent that the feeling of the Canadian West, whether due to real pressure exercised by Asiatic competition, or to the influence of labor agitators, is hostile to Oriental immigration. If the Conservatives, therefore, expect to recruit their strength from the West, in the not far distant general election, they are not likely to show themselves strongly pro-Japanese.

The recent automobile show in Lon-

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don has been hailed by all sections of the British press as proof that the English motor-car industry has overtaken its Continental competitors. The *Mail* insists that the English product "compares most favorably with the best product of the French and German workshops," and it adds that the prices are lower. Naturally, the *Spectator* pounces upon this statement with glee, because the *Mail*, in advocating Mr. Chamberlain's plans for protection, had been citing the motor-car industry as proof that England needed tariff barriers. "In reality," says the *Spectator*, "the rise of the motor industry gives the strongest proof of how entirely unnecessary it is to foster an industry by protection, or, rather, we should say, how free trade is by far the best foster-mother." If there ever appeared to be reasons for protection, it was in this industry, and Sir Gilbert Parker and other leaders quickly seized upon it. The nearness of the French and German manufacturers, the lower wages they paid, their earlier start, their indisputable aptitude for mechanics—all these things made it plain, according to the Chamberlainites, that there was no future for the English automobile makers. But in actual fact, the severity of the foreign competition compelled the English manufacturers to produce as good an article more cheaply than their rivals. The protectionists must now look for another argument.

The automobile, unlike Ibsen's Master Builder, refuses to be intimidated by the knocking of youth, in the form of the airship, at its door. Plans are being made for a motor car race from New York to Paris by way of Bering Strait, a project which has its inception in the recently concluded race from Peking to Paris. At the present moment, one adventurous traveller is engaged in crossing Central Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic in an automobile, and an Antarctic expedition has equipped itself with power machines for crossing the vast ice-fields of the south polar regions. What effect such arduous experiments will exercise on the evolution of the automobile, is difficult to forecast. Radical departures in construction are, of course, necessitated by the special use for which the machine is designed. Steel-spiked tires for Siberia and the polar regions, and enormously flat tires for work in the African jungle and marshland, are important departures from the original type. How far may such variations continue without destroying the identity of the type? And to what extent may an automobile be hauled by Mongolian camels or carried across African rivers piecemeal on the heads of negro bearers, and still enable its owner to boast of having made a spectacular "automobile" trip?

At the age of eighty-seven, Florence Nightingale has been made a member of the Order of Merit, instituted in 1902 by Edward VII., as a reward for conspicuous public service. Miss Nightingale should be at home in the distinguished company to which she has been admitted. Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Marquis Oyama, Admiral Togo, and Lord Lister are in a position to discourse with interest and authority on the subject of the infliction and cure of gunshot wounds, though possibly the Angel of the Crimea may find herself a little behind the times on either phase of the art of war. She cannot expect to enjoy her new dignity for many years to come, if "enjoy" is the proper word at all to use of a woman who at the age of thirty-six refused to receive the public honors offered her by the British people, and, her work done, fled surreptitiously to her quiet country home. To the world at large the appearance of her name in the newspapers must have been a surprise; most people had forgotten that she who is already enrolled among the immortals is still with us.

Any one accustomed to the arrogant tone heretofore assumed by German military officials in discussing army affairs with mere civilians can only marvel at the speech of the Minister of War, Van Einem, last Friday. He was not merely defending the entire military caste, but was actually replying to the attacks of Bebel, the one Socialist above all others whom the army likes to stigmatize as an enemy to his country. Instead of the usual defiance and abuse, Von Einem was on the defensive throughout. The worst of the immorality brought out in the Von Moltke-Harden suit he denied, but, if the cable dispatches are to be trusted, he admitted that most of Bebel's allegations were correct, and that the army is in many places gravely tainted. No one could have believed such a confession possible a few months ago, and it can be explained only on the ground that the public indignation and unrest over the recent revelations necessitated a clean breast of it. As it is, the army is humiliated as never before, and those who have been whispering that the Prussian troops are not what they used to be will have fresh grounds for their belief. It is a great opportunity for the Kaiser to do vigorous house-cleaning, to put a stop to the gambling, hard drinking, and profligacy which lead inevitably to worse practices. So far, however, he has never availed himself of a similar opportunity. Moreover, he would be the last to admit that the fearless opposition and criticism of Bebel make him a person of great value to the whole nation.

The latest news from Portugal is that the danger of revolution has been greatly exaggerated. The opponents of the absolutist régime inaugurated by Premier Franco last May comprise all the political parties, Conservative, Liberal, and Republican. But it is only the latter that really possesses sufficient influence with the popular elements to make an uprising possible. The two other parties are shown to have pursued a policy of such consistent selfishness and disregard of popular needs that their ability to stir up the masses against the throne must be seriously questioned. King Carlos's cause possesses a powerful support also in the country's international relations. Great Britain, as the historical friend of Portugal, is probably unwilling to countenance a revolution which might let loose Spanish ambitions in the Iberian peninsula, and lead to the disruption of the Mediterranean *entente* which British diplomacy has labored so sedulously to establish in the course of the last few years. More disturbing still would be the effect which an upheaval in Portugal would produce on the colonial ventures in Africa. Portuguese West and East Africa would then become prizes to set German and British Imperialist hearts a-beating. Even as it is, British eyes in South Africa have been turning longingly to Delagoa Bay and its harbor, so conveniently near to Johannesburg.

In the Russian Parliament the unexpected came again with last week's great debate on the reply to the address from the throne, when the Duma, by a vote of 246 against 112, declared that the title of Autocrat "is no longer tenable within the Russian state, and is incompatible with the régime inaugurated by the manifesto issued by Emperor Nicholas on October 30, 1905." We need not exaggerate the importance of such action on the part of the majority in the Duma in order to hold that the declaration is, nevertheless, largely significant of what parliamentary influence in Russia in the near future must be, if it is to be at all. It must be moderate, opportunistic, ready to bear injuries and insults in the hope of what the time to come may bring. That the Duma could become a mere reactionary tail to the autocratic kite, we have never believed, in spite of the swelling arrogance of the monarchist and ecclesiastical members, and of the difficulty of forming a working *bloc* of the Centre. A Duma that will go back is impossible, because experience has shown that it is impossible for a number of intelligent men, no matter of what ultimate political creed, to come together without recognizing the absolute, pressing necessity of change. The so-called Landlords' Duma may yet develop unsuspected reserves of Liberal thought.

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"INJUNCTION-PROOF" LAWS.

Last week the Governor of Alabama signed twenty-one bills for fixing railway rates in that State, bills which had been hastily passed by the Legislature in extraordinary session. They were enacted indiscriminately, and almost without discussion. Indeed, in his message to the Legislature, Gov. Comer declared that the only issue was whether the State or the railways should be supreme. Accordingly, all these laws were made what was boastfully called "injunction-proof." That is, it was provided that the penalties for violation should be enforced from the day that the railroads took any of them into court to test their legality. Thus it was exultingly said that the companies would bankrupt themselves by the very fact of attempting to secure their rights in court. In the case, for example, of the passenger fares prescribed by statute, penalties amounting to $2,000,000,000 might be enforceable against a railroad assessed for taxation in Alabama at about $30,000,000. But almost before the ink of the Governor's signature of these bills was dry, the State officials were enjoined by Judge Jones of the Federal Circuit Court from enforcing any of them. It was the injunction-proof laws that did not "go."

They could not, so long as the Constitution of the United States exists, and the decisions of the Supreme Court are executed. The very situation contemplated by these Alabama laws has been passed upon by the Supreme Court. In the Kansas City Stock Yards case, Mr. Justice Brewer reading the opinion asked:

> Do the laws secure to an individual an equal protection when he is allowed to come into court and make his claim or defence, subject to the conditions that upon a failure to make good that claim or defence, the penalty for such a failure either appropriates all his property, or subjects him to extravagant and unreasonable loss?

After citing various illustrations, the court held:

> It is doubtless true that the State may impose penalties such as will tend to compel obedience to its mandates by all, individuals or corporations, and if extreme and cumulative penalties are imposed only after there has been a final determination of the validity of the statute, the question would be very different from that here presented. But, when the Legislature in an effort to prevent any inquiry of the validity of a particular statute, so burdens any challenge thereof in the courts, that the party affected is necessarily constrained to submit rather than take the chances of the penalties imposed, then it becomes a serious question whether the party is not deprived of the equal protection of the laws.

Plainer notice could scarcely have been served that such an attempt as this one by Alabama to shut off access to the courts, would itself be enjoined by the Federal courts. It is not a question of State rights. The States themselves, by adopting the Fourteenth Amendment, waived all pretence to such alleged rights. The whole matter comes down to the fundamental right of citizens of this country to be protected in their property, and to be afforded "the equal protection of the laws." As it was put by an Alabama State Senator, in a speech at Montgomery on November 12, the theory upon which Gov. Comer was proceeding, in denying effective judicial inquiry, was that in case of conflict between an act of the Legislature and the Constitution of the United States, it was the former that was to be held sacred, while the latter was to fail. This preposterous doctrine was happily knocked in the head by another Alabamian—former Confederate, ultra State-rights man, and himself once Governor of the State—Judge Jones of the Fifth Circuit Court. He promptly clapped an injunction upon the injunction-proof laws.

In all the outcry against "government by injunction," no man who knows anything about the law, or whose opinion is otherwise worth considering, has ever denied that the use of the injunction to prevent what may be irreparable injury, is sometimes absolutely necessary. This is a principle embodied in the jurisprudence of the States, as well as in our national laws. The Alabama Supreme Court, it has been pertinently pointed out, has repeatedly enjoined the enforcement of statutes or municipal ordinances pending the determination of their constitutionality. In one leading case, Brown vs. Mayor of Birmingham, it held that "prosecutions under an ordinance which would destroy or impair property rights to the irreparable injury of the owner, may be enjoined, pending the determination of its legality." The usual rule is to maintain the *status quo* while awaiting final adjudication. But these Alabama railroad laws undertook to collect penalties from the very moment of appeal to the courts. To prevent such an act of tyranny, it was inevitable that a Federal court would intervene. The laws are not set aside; their operation is merely enjoined until it can be decided whether they were beyond the competence of the Legislature.

The ordinary presumption is, of course, that the Legislature proceeds with full knowledge of the facts. Hence, as the Supreme Court itself said in a case against the Railroad Commissioners of South Dakota, an inquiry by a court "whether the rates prescribed by a State Legislature for the carriage of passengers and freight are reasonable" is both "difficult" and "perplexing." Yet this fact, it added, "affords no excuse for a failure to examine and solve the questions involved." The Legislature itself should first have made the due examination. That the Legislature of New York did not, before passing the two-cent fare bill, was Gov. Hughes's main reason for vetoing that measure. But Gov. Comer of Alabama urged *his* Legislature to act, as it did, *without* investigation. The bills were passed in bundles. That fact alone would lay them open to suspicion, and make them a fair subject of judicial inquiry; but to prevent the latter by an odious and crushing levy of penalties was the whole plan of this legislation. That it will be broken and disallowed by the Federal courts is as certain as anything in law can be. This part of the Alabama bills must be held to be unconstitutional, even if it be finally decided that the rates and regulations governing the Alabama railroads are reasonable and should be upheld. No court can hold that an appeal to the courts can be lawfully penalized.

It was not only, be it remembered, the protection of the Federal courts that this Alabama legislation set out to nullify; even that of the State courts was denied to the railroads. As State Senator Bowie clearly stated at the Montgomery mass-meeting:

> The purpose to deny these people the equal protection of the laws is written in every bill when it says that the penalties can be collected and enforced, notwithstanding their orderly suspension by a court of justice having jurisdiction, even though that court be a State court. That is in there—it is in them all.

There could be no clearer case for invoking Federal jurisdiction. The Alabama legislators must have known that they were rushing upon an injunction. They had but to read the Fourteenth Amendment and the laws passed by Congress in pursuance thereof, with the decisions of the Supreme Court interpreting the same, to be certain that what has happened was bound to happen. Yet, we admit, they might have alleged one hope. Having successfully set aside that part of the Fourteenth Amendment which forbids any State to "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," they might argue that they could be equally fortunate with the part forbidding any State to "deprive any person of property." But they have found that property is more sacred than the suffrage.

THE TREASURY NOTES.

The abrupt cutting short of the issue of one-year government notes, at a moment when probably not $15,000,000 out of the announced $100,000,000 had been allotted, we take to be the Treasury's admission of the fact, to which the *Nation* called attention when the plan was published, that the troubles of the banks were being rapidly removed through natural processes of relief before the government intervened. Hence the expedient of 3 per cent. notes, quite apart from the objections to the plan itself, was never needed. Each successive day since the unfortunate Treasury bulletin

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of November 18 has added evidence of what was well known in experienced banking circles before that date—that the panic had reached its climax and was on the wane, and that distribution into bank reserves of the gold engaged for America before the middle of the month would of itself in a couple of weeks bring the banks to a normal status.

In maintaining this belief we relied on the lesson of similar crises in the past. By this test, and by this alone, can the nature and probable outcome of a period such as that through which we have just passed be judged. The severest criticism which must be passed on Secretary Cortelyou is that he acted in this grave matter without obtaining the counsel of bankers most closely in touch with real conditions, and apparently without knowledge of the history that foreshadowed the course which events have subsequently taken.

The government has thus abruptly suspended the sale of its 3 per cent. notes, not at all, as we understand it, because of a failure of subscriptions. Deeply as the conservative financial community distrusted this engine of indirect inflation, the inducement for banks to invest was inviting. We deem it fortunate that the grave risk incurred by throwing $150,000,000 new securities on a panic-stricken market, should have been escaped. How largely the financial distrust which culminated in the October crisis, was a result of the failure of New York city's two bond offers, it would be difficult to say, but those incidents contributed to the general uneasiness. What the narrow escape from failure by the two national loans in 1894 involved, most of us remember; and it is not the smallest item in the blame which the Treasury must incur, that it exposed the public credit to at least the chance of a shock which refusal to take the loan must have invited.

But if offers for the new notes were not lacking as a whole, the kind of bids on which the Treasury had apparently reckoned with most confidence were entirely absent. One great purpose of the issue of government securities was professedly to "draw out" the cash of money-hoarders, who were presumed to be so distrustful of credit that they would put back the money neither into bank deposits nor into ordinary investments. But in this conception of the money-hoarder, Mr. Cortelyou seems to us to have missed the truth entirely. The speculative hoarder keeps his cash in hand with a view to the premium on currency; other hoarders merely wait to see if the banks are to maintain solvency or not. That neither class was looking for something new and safe in which to invest is proved by the result of the note-issue; but that result adds little or nothing to the knowledge, derived from previous occurrences of the sort, of the fundamental tendencies in a hoarding mania.

Mr. Cortelyou deserves credit for facing the facts and undoing as far as he could the unlucky note experiment. He also deserves praise for his firm stand against one extremely vicious project which he was besought to incorporate in the plan; that is, to authorize tacitly the clearly illegal use of these 3 per cent. notes as bank reserves. To this he gave absolute refusal. But the best that can be said of the whole affair is that the Treasury has learned a lesson by experience.

The news of this result will be read with considerable humiliation in certain quarters across the ocean. No financial episode in our time has been so amazing as the sudden clamor, in foreign financial circles esteemed as centres of conservatism, for radical and revolutionary action by our government. This extraordinary state of mind—which has led astray some of the highest banking dignitaries of the Old World—can be explained only on the ground that financial London itself was in a mental panic, and spoke, if it did not act, as panic-stricken people do. The London *Economist*, organ of financial conservatism, opened its discussion of our money crisis by remarking:

> Before a complete failure of the public confidence, no credit system and no currency in the world could hope to stand. But for the moment it is clear that the currency is the crux of the situation, and that some means must be devised to remove the existing premium, to enable banks once again to cash checks freely, and to induce business men throughout the States to bring their money back into the ordinary channels of banking.

Nothing could be more sound. And how is this wholesome rule applied? By examining thoroughly the nearest precedent of a money-hoarding American panic, that of 1893, in which, without exception, every incident of the present affair was accurately foreshadowed, and in which the crisis was surmounted by the automatic processes of the markets? Not at all. The *Economist* declared with emphasis that there was no way out of our dilemma save through issue of government fiat money. One can imagine Walter Bagehot turning in his grave.

OUR POLITICAL DISPUTANTS.

Mr. Bryan never showed more clearly the clerical bent of his mind than in his speech—sermon, we had almost said—at Washington last week. His "heads of discourse" would have delighted a professor of homiletics. There were the four things that Roosevelt had stolen from the Democrats; the four things that he dared not steal; the four things that were all his own and that were fearfully un-Democratic. The whole was a beautifully balanced sermonic plan. It all recalls what Leslie Stephen said about Blair—that his sermons were merely "essays composed by a professor of rhetoric to illustrate the principles of his art." And Bryan's use of Democracy, in the purely abstract sense, is wonderfully like Blair's employment of Devotion, as given by Stephen:

> To thee, oh Devotion, we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and the merit of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts, thou calmest the passions; and, in short, givest me an excellent opportunity for finishing a paragraph with an admirable prosopopœia, according to approved rules of art.

Of all this attempt to trace current political doctrines to their party origin, and to decide who stole whose clothes, we think the country is heartily sick. People have left off caring about the whence, and are giving their attention to the what. It makes little difference what was the origin of a policy if its effects are pestiferous. And there is really no end to this kind of recrimination when once you embark upon it. While Bryan and Roosevelt are disputing as to who was the only begetter of plans which they alike favor, Tom Watson rudely bursts in to accuse them both of having got their ideas from the Populists. And we must say that he has an unpleasant amount of circumstantial and documentary evidence to prove his case. If one turns back to the platform of the "People's Party" of 1892, he will find embedded in it several Roosevelt doctrines, including the graduated income tax, and the distinctive Bryan doctrine of government ownership of the railways. But the whole inquiry is barren and wearisome. The country is to-day less interested in origins than tendencies. And it emphatically does not hanker after a party or a candidate that can only echo the political wisdom of Bre'r Mud Turkle (we think it was he), who said: "I know where I come from, but I don't know where I'm gwine."

Let it be admitted that no party has a monopoly of ideas, any more than of virtue. It is doubtless true that political managers take their own wherever they find it; and that in the vast ferment of opinion in a democracy like ours, notions find their way into all parties at once, no man can say exactly how. But all this, in a situation such as we have upon us to-day, is of no practical benefit. It leaves you, as the Scotchman said of claret, very much as you were before. Some way of getting on is what we ask political leaders to suggest; and if all they have to offer is personal and party recrimination, the general verdict will be very apt to be, A plague o' both your houses.

Some things are clear in the flux of political convictions and the break-up of parties. One of them stands out of the

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very conditions under observation. Party labels signify less than ever. There is no rallying power or inspiration in the name Republican or Democrat, merely as such. The parties have exchanged rapiers too often, like Hamlet and Laertes, to leave the people wholly certain of the identity of each, or with what weapons it will fight. It is not the title, but the programme, of parties that will really count next year. And, of course, a vital part of their programme is the men they put forward to carry it into execution.

Now, at this point, both parties have to face a fact which is implied in a statement made in Washington last week by Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee. He said, speaking of the effort necessary to keep the Republicans in control of the House, that the election of Representatives next year could not be achieved by a simple "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" The magic of that name would be lacking. It is certain, too, that if Bryan is the candidate of the Democrats, there will be no magic on that side, either. A stale and twice-defeated nominee can put no *elixir vitæ* to the lips of his party; a sleeping potion is the most that could be expected from him. The outlook is that the voters will be singularly free, next year, from all kinds of political incantations. No orator will be able to arouse hysterical applause by simply announcing, "I am a Democrat." Nor will a confession of Republican faith move any audience to tears. People will coldly insist upon knowing what kind of Republican, as what kind of Democrat. And if either party thinks to lay a spell upon the citizens of the country, whether by some kind of hocus-pocus of issues, or the fancied glamour of a personality, it will be doomed to a sorry disappointment.

Sober-minded and independent Americans cannot regret the prospect of a campaign in which reason bids fair to have much more play than usual. In our recent financial disturbances, the demagogues and quacks fell suddenly silent. Nobody wanted to hear from them. It was the men who knew, and who had steadiness and power, to whom the people looked. And it may well be that in the disturbed political conditions which we are fronting there will be a similar demand for grave and well-poised men. They may not be able to feed excitement, but they can gain confidence. And they may prove that the most effective political magic is, after all, that which is exercised by sound judgment and stern integrity.

THE HIGHER ATHLETICS.

Contemporary interest in the relation of football to faith calls attention to the fact that bodily exercise has from the beginning of history been closely associated with some spiritual idea, whether religious or political. We need not go to the Australian corroboree or the Indian ghost dance for illustrations, or even to the games which the Greeks instituted with specific religious intent. "Muscular Christianity" has a more modern ring, though the idea of it may possibly go back to the time when the sturdy monks from the Egyptian *laurœ* used to invade Alexandria and with their cudgels chastise the Hypatias and Thaises of that sinful town. Rulers and statesmen have always contended that a people's safety rests largely on the physical prowess of its members. Under ordinary circumstances, a nation of athletes will easily overcome a nation of *mollycoddles*. This was understood by Agesilaus of old Sparta, who pointed out to his soldiers the fair, tender bodies of his Persian prisoners and their costly garments, and said scornfully, "See whom you are fighting, and then for what you are fighting." There are people in England who, alarmed by the alleged decline in the nation's physical stamina, are expecting that some day a second Moltke will address the same words to a German army corps encamped in Hyde Park.

It is not, however, in its development of the bodily capacities of the individual that the chief value of the higher athletics lies. It will be remembered that the Olympian games were to the Greeks a notable symbol and bond of national unity, and it is precisely in cementing racial and national feeling that modern athletics achieves its most useful function. It is hard to say whether any system of Chamberlain preferential tariffs could hold the British Empire so firmly together as the regularly recurrent contests between the cricketers and football players of Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand and the men of Yorkshire, Surrey, or All-England. There has even been a tendency to ground Anglo-Saxon friendship across the Atlantic on international athletic contests; though there, it must be confessed, an excessive preponderance of victories for one side or the other seems to bring about a drop in the intensity of Anglo-Saxon consciousness of kinship. But athletics, to exercise its full unifying force, must be the recreation of more than the small number of persons who can possibly participate in an eight-oared race or a tennis match. In other words, the political value of physical exercise is best displayed, not in teams, but in such organizations as bowling clubs and gymnastic societies. Of this use of the higher athletics we find a striking example in the political situation in Austria-Hungary, as described by Archibald R. Colquhoun in a recent number of the *North American Review*. Speaking of the active propaganda that is being carried on for creating among the various Slav peoples of the Hapsburg realm, and of Europe in general, a sentiment of racial unity, he says:

> The principal organization for keeping these people in touch is a system of gymnastic societies, known as *Sokols*. Branches, numbering over a thousand, are established in all Slav countries, and in communities of Slavs in foreign countries like Germany, France, and the United States. In 1907 they held a meeting at Prague, at which 23,000 of all nationalities attended (five hundred from America), and manœuvred in a manner which surprised the Austrian and Russian staff officers who were present. In 1885, when Bulgaria threw off the Russian tutelage, there was no native organization save the *Sokols*, which, however, numbered 40,000 men, all trained and disciplined, and largely helped to save the situation. . . . They exhibit an amount of organizing and concentrating power at variance with the accepted character of the Slavs.

A few such organizations exist even in Russia where, of course, they do not enjoy the favor of the officials. Yet it was the belief of one enthusiastic Russian at the Prague celebration that if the *Sokols* were well developed in his country, she would have a constitutional government to-day!

Nor are the Slavs the only ones to make use of gymnastics as a political lever. The European nations are quick in borrowing from each other the newest ideas in popular propaganda, and, along with the general strike, the "pacific" strike, the school strike, and the hunger strike, the idea of political athletics has spread widely. Thus the Italians in southwestern Austria have their own gymnastic societies, whose object is as much the acquisition for Italy of the Tyrol and Trieste as actual proficiency in manipulating the dumb-bell and the Indian-club. Some time ago there was published in this country, and repeatedly reproduced, a picture showing some hundreds of young Italian gymnasts going through their exercises in the Vatican gardens in the presence of the Pope. This is evidence that the Catholic organizations are determined not to be left behind by their Socialistic and Masonic opponents. Rumor has it, even, that young King Alfonso has been enthusiastic in popularizing tennis in his country, out of the conviction that the sporting spirit helps to keep a nation in good health. Conceivably it is because the Spaniards prefer to be spectators at games rather than participants, while the English have always been fond of nine-pins, single-stick exercise, and wrestling, that the Armada was defeated.

Athletics is sublimated when it becomes the embodiment of such ideals as Mr. Colquhoun ascribes to the Slav *Sokols:*

> The object of these *Sokols* is primarily anti-German—their basis is the homogeneity of the Slav race, the preservation of Slav languages and culture. . . . No word of German was heard [at the Prague

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festival], and at the national theatre a significant tableau was displayed which represented the *Sokols* releasing the spirit of the Slav from the fetters imposed by German influence.

Yet, curiously enough, political athletics is really a German invention. It was Friedrich Wilhelm Jahn, the *Turnvater*, as he is known to all Germans, who in the hour of Prussia's deepest degradation, following the disaster of Jena, hit upon gymnastic training as a means of bringing about his country's physical and spiritual rehabilitation. The enormous success of the *Turner* idea, with the part which it played in the overthrow of the Napoleonic domination, and in the later democratic movement within Germany, is well known. Our own country can show no parallel to the historical *Turnvereine*; but the advent of the college athlete into politics, most often as the guardian of the purity of the ballot in one of the Tammany districts, together with such phenomena as the election of a Milwaukee county judge on his star record as a halfback, is not a bad sign.

A COLLEGE UTOPIA: A FANTASY.

In commenting on the gift of several millions of dollars to Swarthmore on condition of abandoning intercollegiate contests in athletics, a correspondent has urged acceptance of the money, on the ground that some college should deliberately try the experiment of favoring scholarship as against athletics. The institution, he admits, "might lose popularity for a time," but he thinks that in the long run it might "attract the class of students which is most desirable." This revolutionary suggestion is worth more detailed consideration. We are aware that the great majority of our colleges must, as our correspondent says, "conform more or less to popular sentiment"; that the president, the faculty, and the trustees do not dare run counter to the feelings of the undergraduates and those noisy and half-baked young graduates who yell for the athletic teams and who are supposed to voice "alumni opinion." Yet we can conceive of a college—of course as an abstract ideal, impossible of realization—in which the authorities estimate the tumult and the shouting at their exact value, and steadily pursue the true aims of education. This academic Utopia, a mere dream, we shall describe more fully, fortified by President Woodrow Wilson's recent declaration that the world needs more dreamers. This conception of ours, we may add, is by no means original. It has been seriously presented in private conversation by an eminent educator, whose name we withhold in order to save him from ridicule.

For a site we should choose some city or town in New England, because traditions of culture there are so old and well-established that an institution singly devoted to it may be less likely to excite hostility than elsewhere. Boston and its suburbs are out of the question; for Harvard already has a long start and overshadows everything. New Haven is also impossible: people there would not tolerate a college that was indifferent to the activities to which the Yale of to-day owes its chief distinction. The college which we have in mind might be built on the ruins, say, of Bowdoin, or of Dartmouth, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Trinity, or Wesleyan. Each of these colleges has a considerable "plant" which might, under certain conditions, be utilized for higher education.

The first of these conditions is a strong faculty. At present our smaller colleges are constantly raided by the larger, which offer higher salaries, better equipped libraries and laboratories, and in general wider opportunities for fame and usefulness. Every small college has a few able men who, because of inertia, loyalty, or social ties, are not to be tempted away; but in general the more promising members are steadily drained off. In order to hold them, the small college should pay salaries of $5,000 or $6,000, so that its teachers might buy books, might attend the annual meetings of scientific and literary associations, and might go to Europe in summer, to visit the Bodleian, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the principal art galleries. Moreover, the professors should not be overburdened with teaching, but should have a fair chance for scholarly research and production. To maintain a large faculty on these terms would be impracticable; and accordingly the college would be forced to the plan which has had such admirable results in the Canadian colleges—the plan of giving comparatively few courses, and giving those well. This would mean cutting off most of the feebly conducted graduate work—leaving that to a real university—and concentrating energy and ability on the important courses in classics, modern languages, philosophy, history, economics, mathematics, and the sciences. The college would not be so big on paper, but its product might be far more completely finished. If a faculty made up of men of intellectual distinction could be held together for a generation we should have an institution unique in its kind—a Johns Hopkins for undergraduates.

That would, of course, imply a body of ambitious students, and a code of discipline based on that ambition. We would by no means bar athletics, college journalism, glee clubs, and social gatherings. All these have their place in a scheme of education; but they are, after all, subsidiary to the main issue. Such a college as we have sketched might lift from the shoulders of its teachers a great burden by sweeping away all committees on football, glee-club concerts, and junior promenades, and by telling the students to play and sing and dance as they pleased within the limits of good behavior. And with this further proviso: that no athlete or singer or any other student should receive the slightest favor in the way of extra absences or postponement of recitations or examinations. If any college faculty should maintain a fairly strict standard of scholarship, inevitably the social, athletic, and other activities would be subordinated to their proper place. As matters are now, the amount of study done by the average undergraduate is, as a Harvard committee reported in 1905, "discreditably small." Almost any man fit to go without a keeper can, with fair application, get through almost any college. But the place we have in mind is intended for youth of intelligence and aspiration. The rest, who constitute the bulk, can betake themselves to other colleges, where, to borrow a phrase from President Wilson, the authorities "put down the standard of entrance requirements to get men in, and then put down the standard of instruction to keep them in."

Our ideal college we have spoken of as a mere dream—and yet with the backing of a few millions from some one who can distinguish between genuine and imaginary discipline of the mind, one at least of the smaller New England colleges might translate the vision into reality. The college would definitely cease to compete with the others in athletics or in mere numbers. It would content itself with small but picked classes. It would educate them instead of allowing them to idle through four years. Such an enterprise would attract to its faculty scholars of the first rank, who are sick and tired of adapting their instruction to the requirements of football players and other incompetents, and of resisting appeals from the athletic committee to give the shortstop "one more chance." Such an enterprise would also appeal to youth who are worth teaching. If there were money to carry the undertaking through the period of depression, the panic occasioned by a sudden change of policy, it might accomplish great results.

*THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.—I.

AUGUSTUS AND THE DISCOVERIES AT SALONA.

We generally associate this capital of Roman Dalmatia with the name of that distinguished Dalmatian, the Emperor Diocletian, greatest politician since Augustus. He was born at Salona, and when he abdicated in 305 A. D. returned here to live as a private citizen and grow cabbages in the magnificent castle villa which he built near by, in which the mediæval town of Spalato now nestles. Salona

*Other articles in this series appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, and September 5.

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steadily grew until in the fourth and fifth centuries it was one of the largest cities of the Roman world, half as large as Constantinople; but if the scholars who have haughtily curled the lip at any references to the Roman Salona because they think it a city of the decadence, were to study its ruins without preconception, especially as they are now being laid bare, they would find reason to revise their opinion and recognize a large nucleus of the Augustan age and some remains even of the earlier Greek city, so well described in Dio's history of the civil war. I shall confine myself to the early Salona of Cæsar and Augustus and its share in the Augustan scheme.

Salona's history is Greek in its beginnings. The Greek colonists had crept up the coast line, settling on the islands. From the mother-colony on the island of Issa, the cities of Tragurion (modern Trau) and Epetion had been founded, and from them Salona, only a few miles southeast of Tragurion. The road connecting Salona with Tragurion, called the Via Munita, with its Cyclopean retaining wall, is the oldest known Dalmatian road. The acropolis of the Greek Salone can still be traced; its walls, built perhaps at the time of the wars of the close of the third century B. C., between the Illyrians and the Romans, were then unprovided with towers, and Dio's text shows that temporary wooden towers were added for defensive purposes in the civil war. Already in 119 B. C. the consul Cecilius Metellus, in conducting his campaign against the Dalmatians, had made his winter quarters at Salona, showing its importance as a military centre. Still, in the vicissitudes of war, Salona fell into the power of the native Dalmatian forces and had to be captured several times by the Romans: in 78 B. C. by Casconius, in 39 by Asinius Pollio, and in 33 by Augustus himself.

After the battle of Philippi in 42, Augustus had received Illyria as part of his share of the West, and it was in the course of the campaigns of his lieutenant, Pollio, to subject it that Salona was delivered from the hostile Dalmatian occupants in 39 B. C. It was either then or toward 33 that Augustus raised it to the rank of a colony under the name of Iulia Martia Salona, and added a Roman city by the side of the Greek, with a wall surrounding the whole and connected with that of the Greek acropolis. Even thus enlarged, the city was relatively small. How it afterwards grew is marked by two successive additional systems of fortifications, one under Marcus Aurelius, in 176, when the army threw up walls to defend the city against the threatened irruption of the Marcomannian hordes, and another in the fourth and fifth centuries, when new bulwarks of exceptional strength and extent were built against the Goths by the Christian emperors.

Of the Augustan city there are almost certainly three relics, and probably others will appear during further excavations. They are: (1) the Porta Cæsarea and part of the walls; (2) the Amphitheatre; (3) the Aqueduct. In the present muddle of the city's topography, when nobody seems to have a tenable hypothesis as to what was the early and what the later portion of the ancient city, I think these landmarks may give the clue. The excavations are now in full swing and of unusual interest, though so modestly done that they receive scant attention. The excavator is the indefatigable Monsignor Francesco Bulic, who is the guardian of Dalmatia's archæological interests and has done so much to save Diocletian's palace at Spalato from disintegration and is still busy freeing it from modern accretions. Salona was practically unique in the completeness of the preservation of the ancient city not only throughout the Middle Ages, but even, except for the destruction of the wars of the thirteenth century, through the Renaissance. The great Christian basilicas subsisted by the side of the hardly injured theatre, amphitheatre, and walls of Roman times. In the seventeenth century, however, the Venetians decreed the final demolition of the old city to prevent its use by the Turks! The Venetians, as usual, laid sacrilegious hands on all its splendid buildings, for use in modern structures, even in Venice itself.

Modern excavations were carried on under Lanza (1821-1827) and Carrara (1842-1850), who uncovered parts of the theatre, the Porta Cæsarea, the Porta Andetria, the wall circuit, the amphitheatre, and a small part of the Christian antiquities. In 1874 excavations were resumed and had been continued intermittently and with small means before Bulic's energy found a better way. Until recently the chief results have been the uncovering of an imposing group of Early Christian monuments of all sorts belonging to the age when Salona had grown to be a metropolis. The greatest known open-air Christian cemetery with its multitude of stone sarcophagi and inscriptions was found, with a large basilica as its centre. This, of course, was outside the city walls; then there was uncovered the episcopal basilica within the city, with all its annexes—baptistry, confirmation hall, episcopal palace, and hospice. There is no group of Christian antiquities outside of Rome and Ravenna that carries one back so thoroughly to the high tide of the Christian life of the fourth and fifth centuries. We see here the very cemetery from which the bodies of the Dalmatian bishops and martyrs were taken in 640 to Rome to be buried in the Lateran Chapel of S. Venanzio on account of the barbarian invasion that threatened the existence of the Dalmatian cities.

But now the earlier ruins are claiming renewed attention, and this summer, as well as last autumn, the main centre of work has been the city gate called Porta Cæsarea, a structure already partly cleared in Carrara's excavations of 1849, but soon reinterred without thorough investigation. During the past season the east face and part of the passage were freed, and several fragments of an Augustan inscription were found, as well as so many parts of the memberment that I hope to be able to reconstruct the design of this important structure. Far from being a work of the decadence of Roman art, this gate can now be proved to be in the style of the other large Augustan gates at Nîmes, Turin, Aosta, and Verona, most of which I have described in other articles. It is a small fortress with a central court. The gateways themselves are triple on each face, and the outside, or east face is flanked by two large projecting circular towers, which have caused great confusion in the minds of archæologists because they were separate from the walls in construction, were used as aqueduct reservoirs, and projected into the *interior* of the city. But what became the interior in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when the new and larger wall circuit was erected to enclose the east suburb, had been the exterior in the time of Augustus, when the city was less than half its later size. The city had expanded eastward in these two centuries of *pax romana*, when the old Augustan practice of fortifying the colonies had been totally abandoned. It was only when the great onslaught of the Marcomanni and Quadi came in 169 that it was necessary to refortify this northern bulwark of the empire, enclosing the suburbs. The army itself has left inscribed records of how and when it did this work. In the new circuit the place of the old Porta Cæsarea was taken, much farther eastward, by the gate, of which a part still remains, called Porta Andetria, through which the principal highway, the Via Gabiniana, entered the city. The new wall followed the line of the Augustan (or Cæsarian?) aqueduct, which had ended by hiding itself in the bowels of that part of the primitive Augustan wall stretching on both sides of the Porta Cæsarea, whose great defensive towers henceforth served merely as reservoirs, and the gate itself merely as a spectacular access to the acropolis from the interior of the city.

As for the aqueduct, which was connected both with the Porta Cæsarea and the amphitheatre, its lead pipes bear the significant names of the makers, Julius Eucarpius and Caius Julius Xantus, proof enough, in the mere use of the name Julius, of the Augustan age for its original construction, which is of superb masonry of early type. Not enough can be seen of the theatre or the public Thermæ for me to offer any conjecture as to their age, but the excavations may soon provide more data.

Fragments of the dedicatory inscriptions of the Porta Cæsarea have come to light, some in the excavations of Carrara (1849) and many more during the past years. It had long been known that the gate was restored under the Emperor Constantius, between 337 and 350, by his governor of Dalmatia, Flavius Rufinus Sarmentius, but I should judge that the restoration was a slight one, affecting perhaps only the upper section. What is far more important than this late inscription in small letters is the finding of numerous fragments, mostly minute, of characteristic, large Augustan characters from the original dedication. I shall not attempt to reconstruct it now, because new fragments are appearing, and in any case it would not be fair to Monsignor Bulic, but I can safely reproduce enough of the letters to prove their Augustan character: IMP [*Cæsar, divi. f. Augusto*] VC [*usto po*] NTI [*fici maxi*] MO [*t*] RIB [*p*] O [*t*] I. I am expecting shortly to return to Salona, when the gate is entirely cleared, and in the passageway and in the west side more of the Augustan inscription recovered. The entire structure is in good-sized, carefully cut, blocks of stone; the mouldings are simple, the Corinthian capitals of excellent *facture*, the proportions quite imposing.

It is with considerable diffidence that I

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venture to claim the amphitheatre for the reign of Augustus. It was in 1850 that the excavation was begun, and the digging went in some parts to a depth of over twenty feet. Its major axis is 65 m., its minor 47 m., which makes it slightly larger than that of Pompeii. The probability is that the seats were entirely of wood; their rashes were found by the excavators. Monsignor Bulic asked me to consider carefully the style of the amphitheatre. No inscription has been found that would give any clue to its age. It stands at the west end of the primitive part of the city, and is so small that it was evidently planned for a city of quite limited area, certainly far smaller than Salona had become in the age of the Antonines, as we are constrained to judge from the area enclosed in the walls of Marcus Aurelius. This indication of an early date would be inconclusive if it were not for the primitive style of the arcades, their heavy proportions, and the absence of the tooling or boss-work familiar to us after the time of Claudius. On the other hand, the amphitheatre at Pola is a good example of early Antonine work in this region, perhaps of Trajan's time, and a comparison with its developed forms makes the Augustan age seem exceedingly probable for the amphitheatre of Salona. The majority of critics will be exceedingly skeptical, I know, of so early a date, and loth to recognize here a unique link between the solid pre-Cæsarian type of amphitheatre, as represented by those at Pompeii and perhaps at Sutri, and the open-arched Imperial type of the Claudian and Flavian era, as shown at Capua and the Colosseum. But I think that the work tells its own story to an expert in architectural history.

In another letter I expect to outline the way in which Augustus set about establishing and fortifying Roman colonies at the principal seaports from Aquileia to Thrace, and connecting them by a seaboard highway that reached to Italy; how he founded a few colonies along the main inland natural routes toward the Danube and protected them with military camps. He began his work here in about 40-39 B. C., and gave to it some fifteen years of his attention before he began to concentrate for another fifteen years on the other half of the general scheme of imperial offence and defence in the west—the north Italian scheme which I sketched in my previous articles. But the work was concentrated at first on the northern section, to connect Aquileia with the Danube, and the Illyrian *hinterland* was left largely untouched until the great Dalmatian insurrection under Bato in 6-9 A. D. had shown how dangerous it was to allow the native levies time to come together and prepare while the Roman armies were hampered in their powers of observation and rapid movement. In order to make this impossible in the future, Tiberius, who had himself crushed the rising, which had threatened Italy itself, then carried the early Augustus road scheme practically to completion. In this system there were four main arteries, military or commercial, centring at Salona. The west branch first utilized the old Via Munita to Tragurion and then touched at all the seaports till it reached Aquileia and joined the Italian network and the northwest route to Vindobonum. The second road was that directly northward by way of Clissa and Andetrium over the mountains. It was called Via Gabiniana. The eastern artery passed Via Æquum and the Save to join the future Pannonian road system. At Pons Tiluri it sent out an offshoot into the Balkan fastnesses, while another branch turned southward to old Narona. The least important was the southeast coast road by way of Epetion. The Dalmatian milestone inscriptions indicate that, as we should judge by historic records, very little was done to the Dalmatian roads between Tiberius and Trajan. Vespasian decided to transfer some of the Dalmatian legions northward to Pannonia, and so diminished the military importance of these highways. But under Trajan they became a paramount preoccupation in preparation for his Dacian wars; this is a fact not generally understood, and so interesting a glimpse of Roman politics that I shall leave it for another letter.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The thirteenth annual volume of "American Book-Prices Current," containing the records for the season of 1906 and 1907, has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. A change in type, by which titles are in lower case black-face, and names of authors in capitals, is an improvement. Records are given of 12,700 lots of books and autographs selling at $3 or over—nearly 2,000 less than in the 1906 volume, but more than in any previous issue. Though rare and high-priced books appeared in many sales, there were few extensive libraries of first editions. One such, indeed, that of Louis M. Dillman of Chicago, is notable. Of collections of Americana, that of ex-Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, one of the richest in the country, is preëminent. The small number of books from private or semi-private presses is noticeable. Only 23 items from the Kelmscott Press are included, while the 1901 volume records over two hundred; there are only 14 from the Essex House Press, while the 1902 volume includes 52. Though the very rarest books in the finest condition are increasing in price, inferior copies of commoner books are becoming cheaper. This is notably the case with first editions of American authors. The books of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, and others which were published after these men became famous, were printed in large numbers and can never become rare. To bring the prices paid five or six years ago, copies would now have to be in pristine condition, exactly as new.

On December 10 the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection, mainly Americana, containing the library of a Western collector. Among the lots are a copy of the Aitken Bible, Philadelphia, R. Aitken, 1782 (the first Bible in the English language printed in America), some leaves mended and repaired; Hubley's "American Revolution," 1805; Filson's Kentucky, London, 1793, with the London map; "History of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," Philadelphia, 1814, the first edition, edited by Nicholas Biddle, in boards, uncut; Martin's "History of Louisiana," 1827-29, boards, uncut; Moultrie's "Memoirs of the American Revolution," 1802; Neal's "History of New England," 1720, a presentation copy; Smith's "History of New Jersey," 1765; and Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee," 1823. On December 12, the same firm offers some selections from the library of the late Dr. William Egle, State Librarian of Pennsylvania. There are books on New Sweden, by Acrelius, 1759, and Biorck, 1731; McCall's "History of Georgia," 1811-16, a presentation copy; Livingston's "Review of the Military Operations in North America," 1757; Penn's "Further Account of Pennsylvania," 1685; and Loudon's "Narratives of Outrages committed by the Indians," 1808-11.

Macmillan & Co. announce as forthcoming "Suppressed Plates," by George Somes Layard. He discusses in detail the history of some famous suppressed plates; such as the portrait of the Marquis of Steyne, which appeared in a few early copies of "Vanity Fair," some of the cancelled designs of Hogarth, Cruikshank, Keene, and other artists. The volume is to be illustrated with reproductions of a number of plates.

Correspondence.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Francis Thompson on November 18 will start strange thoughts in the minds of lovers of English poetry. How easily we forget! In the year of the publication of his "Poems," 1893, his was the name most discussed in the gatherings of the literary. Perhaps no poet's first book, not even Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," had provoked more discussion or been more generally acclaimed. Coventry Patmore, writing in the *Fortnightly*, boldly declared that the level of his achievement was higher than Crashaw's. H. D. Traill likewise aligned him with the classics, and most wonderful of all, the *Edinburgh*, forsaking its tradition, heralded the arrival of a great singer hitherto unknown. Then came stories of the struggle Thompson had made, of the many defeats, how he had taken to the anodyne of Coleridge and De Quincey, how he had been found holding horses in London, and what not. Then there was the fascination of his religion and the rumor of his withdrawal from a hopeless world into a monastery in Wales.

How true all this was we do not know. Yet it is certain that he who had written "The Hound of Heaven" had passed through deep waters. He was no longer young for one publishing a first volume, and the book itself was not large. Its quality, however, was unmistakable. The manner, too, was new, though in a sense it was as old as Donne or Cowley or Crashaw. No nineteenth-century poet's soul had been so uneasy in its body; none had felt such spiritual torture, not even Verlaine in the prison at Mons. Here was a new accent:

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again;

This surely was authentic. The nineteenth century had not heard many such bursts of song, none ever on such a theme. In the temperament of its maker there was

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a strange interpenetrating of the ascetic and the æsthetic, hungry yearnings that seemed directed at once at heaven and the flesh; now a passionate spirituality and a shrinking horror of the earthly that sounded like an echo of St. Bernard's "Preparation for the Last Judgment"; then again rhapsodies like the "Corymbus for Autumn," clogged with impossible adjectives that troubled till they cloyed the sense; or clear startling renditions as in his "Poppy":

Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came.

He could be tender, too, and his poems on childhood are among his best. If we dared pick, for instance, only the following four stanzas from his "Daisy," it would be a well-nigh perfect lyric:

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end;
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

The lines quoted are enough to show that the future will have some reckoning to make with their author. Yet he had many and grave defects. His execution is often inexcusably wretched; he cannot strike his note and hold it; when hard pressed he stuffs the gap with monstrous words and his ear fails him. The technical accomplishment which is always there to save Verlaine's worst is not evident even in Thompson's best, and it is perhaps for this reason that he has fallen so hopelessly far behind even his own deserts.

His first success he followed up with "Sister Songs" in 1895, and with the "New Poems" in 1897. There was no progression; he was no longer a "new poet," and the faults seemed more glaring now that the public's first ardor had cooled. Perhaps he was disappointed, perhaps—and we strongly suspect it—that complex of contradictory qualities which constituted his temperament was unstable, and when the resolution came, as it must have come with years, the *furor poeticus* was gone. In any case, the poet lapsed into silence, and doubtless it will mean little to the latest generation of readers to learn that Francis Thompson is dead.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J., November 25.

"THE FRUIT OF THE TREE" AND IBSEN'S "ROSMERSHOLM."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reading Mrs. Wharton's new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree" (reviewed in the *Nation* of October 17), I have been struck with its similarity in central situation to Ibsen's play, "Rosmersholm," a similarity, so far as I know, not yet pointed out by the reviewers.

In "Rosmersholm" the hero, Rosmer, is an idealist and would-be reformer, whose wife is incapable of sympathizing with his high purposes. The wife, Beata, has a friend, Rebecca West, who has become a member of the family, has developed an intimacy with the husband, and is fully in sympathy with him. In fact, Rebecca is largely responsible for Rosmer's new philanthropic theories and plans. She is a young woman of strong personal charm. "Whom could you not bewitch, if you tried?" one of her enemies says to her. She is also in love with Rosmer, and sees that he will never accomplish anything while his wife lives. Beata is a nervous invalid. By skilful suggestion Rebecca makes her believe that her death is necessary to make Rosmer happy, and to preserve him and Rebecca from shame. The unhappy Beata throws herself into the river. Rosmer soon discovers that he is in love with Rebecca, and asks her to marry him; but under the conventional influences of Rosmersholm Rebecca has experienced a change of heart. She now believes that she has no right to marry Rosmer, and steadfastly refuses him, but without giving him any reason for doing so. Finally, after some pressure from without, she confesses her responsibility for Beata's death, at the same time declaring her love for Rosmer. Rosmer is in theory an emancipated man; but, as his friend Kroll says, "All this has only been a matter of the intellect; it has not passed into the blood." He is horrified and repelled by Rebecca's confession: at once he loses all faith in her. One thing only can restore his faith: that she should "go the same way that Beata went." She expresses her willingness to do so; he is incredulous, but at the last moment is convinced of her sincerity, and leaps into the river with her.

From this bald account of the play the extent of its similarity in situation to the novel will be evident. The three central characters of "The Fruit of the Tree" stand in the same relations to one another as Rosmer, Beata, and Rebecca. Amherst, like Rosmer, is a man of "advanced" thought, an idealist and would-be reformer. Bessie, like Beata, is incapable of sympathy with her husband's theories. Justine Brent, like Rebecca, is a friend of the wife who comes into the family, becomes intimate with the husband, and sympathizes with his aspirations. Like Rebecca, she is a girl of singular personal charm and persuasiveness. "There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!" Amherst says to her. To save Bessie from needless anguish, Justine gives her an overdose of morphine. Afterwards she marries Amherst. Her motive, unlike Rebecca's, is unselfish, but the outcome is the same that Rebecca planned. Like Rebecca, Justine conceals her share in the wife's death as long as she can. Amherst distrusts the woman he loves, as Rosmer does, when she makes her confession. "Like many men of emancipated thought, he had remained subject to the old conventions of feeling." There are obvious and important differences, illustrating in an interesting way the difference between Norwegian and American taste; but the parallel is sufficiently noticeable.

Of course, there is no question of plagiarism. The resemblance may be entirely accidental; and in any case Mrs. Wharton, by her masterly treatment, has made the situation her own. But I think it would not be difficult to trace Ibsen's influence elsewhere in her work. Lily Bart, for instance, is a sort of American Hedda Gabler. At all events, the similarity I have been speaking of seems worth pointing out.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, November 17.

JOHN HARVARD AND HIS TIMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your critic's kindly reference to me in his review of Henry C. Shelley's "John Harvard and His Times," November 21, prompts me to say that if I was not the discoverer of our John Harvard's English home and parentage then certainly Dr. Rendle was not, and the credit must be awarded to an earlier explorer, viz., the late Col. Joseph L. Chester, who first called attention to the fact that there was a butcher in Southwark named Robert Harvard, who, dying in 1625, left, among other children, a son John. It was in the winter of 1881-2 that Chester made known this fact and suggested that this John Harvard might have been the one who came to New England and gave name to our ancient college. If the mere fact that there was a John Harvard in Southwark of apparently the right generation is enough to warrant the declaration that he was our man, then, I repeat, Col. Chester is to be credited with its discovery. But that gentleman was a trained genealogist, and knew very well that proof was needed to establish the connection, and that the one who should find that proof would rightfully be acclaimed as the real solver of the problem.

From Col. Chester not only I, but many others, knew that John, son of Robert Harvard, was living in 1625, and we took it for granted that his baptism would have been entered upon the parish register. I could have gone for it any day from the moment I first settled down to my work in London, with the confident expectation of finding it, as I did two years afterwards; but I should have been no nearer to the solution of my problem. The parish register could not tell me anything about that. There were other Harvard families, other John Harvards. Who was *our* John Harvard? That was the question to which I was trying to find the answer, and I found it, as I had expected, in the probate records. When the wills of Thomas Harvard and Mrs. Katherine Yearwood were found, the English home and parentage of our John Harvard ceased to be a problem. It only remained for me and others, including Messrs. Rendle, Smith, Dunkin, etc., to glean additional facts in our various fields, and thus increase our knowledge of the man and his surroundings. One of these additional facts, of course, was this very record of baptism, which then, and then only, became important (in the sense of interesting), since it enables us to form some idea of his age, and furnishes us with a date to celebrate a Founder's Day.

What caused me regret was Mr. Shelley's reference to what he was pleased to term an "ungenealogical wrangle" between Dr. Rendle and me. He is mistaken. I never engaged in a wrangle, or whatever else it may be called. He has evidently confounded me with the late Mr. John F. Hassam, who had my "Gleanings" published and furnished the Introduction, to which undoubtedly Mr. Shelley refers. The

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first I knew of that Introduction was when the finished pamphlet reached me. My connection with the work had ceased when I sent my notes across the ocean to the society. I was sorry to see Mr. Hassam's first comments, just as I have been sorry since to see a portrait of me inserted in one of the bound volumes of my "Gleanings." In both instances my consent was not asked, nor was I informed beforehand.

Before closing let me call attention to a fact not noticed, so far as I know, by anybody thus far. The Rev. Nicholas Morton, minister at St. Saviour's and close friend of the Harvards, dying in 1640 left a will of which I made an abstract which appears in my "Gleanings." That will shows that he had recently married the widow of John Harvard's brother Thomas. This is especially interesting in view of the fact that Charles Morton, his eldest son by a previous match, later (in 1686) following in the footsteps of his father's friend and brother-in-law, came over to New England, settled in Charlestown, became a minister of the church there, and also vice-president of the college named after that friend.

HENRY F. WATERS.

Salem, Mass., November 22.

THE "STATE PAPER OFFICE" AND THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a remarkable fact that reputable historical writers of the present day should continue to refer to documents in the "State Paper Office," London, when that repository has had no legal existence for more than fifty years and no material existence for forty-five years. In Larned's "Literature of American History" (Paul Leicester Ford's contributions), 1902, Greene's "Provincial America," 1905, Munro's "The Seigniorial System in Canada, "1907, and Avery's "History of the United States," Vol. III., 1907, not to mention less important publications, the term is still used, and the impression is left that there is in London to-day a "State Paper Office" containing valuable documents and maps relating to American history.

Were it not that this error has been repeated so often by scholars of rank, it would not seem necessary to call attention to it here. The facts are these: In the middle of the nineteenth century, except for a few scattering groups of papers, the great bulk of the State Papers, Domestic and Foreign, the Home Office and Colonial Office papers, and the papers of the Board of Trade, were in the State Paper Office, a building erected for the special purpose in 1830, fronting St. James Park, where the India office now stands. In 1848 the decision was reached that on the retirement of Sir Henry Hobhouse, the Keeper of the State Papers, the records should be transferred to the custody of the Master of the Rolls; and on March 5, 1852, an order in council was issued requiring "that all records belonging to Her Majesty, deposited in any office, court, place, or custody," other than those mentioned in the Public Record Office Act of 1838, should "from henceforth be under the charge and superintendence of the Master of the Rolls," subject to the provisions of that act. When, therefore, in 1854, Sir Henry Hobhouse died, the State Paper Office and its establishment were consolidated with the Public Record Office, founded in 1838. The former maintained a separate existence as a branch Record Office until 1862, when the site being required for the new Foreign and India offices, the building erected thirty-two years before was pulled down and all its contents, not already removed, were transferred to the building between Chancery and Fetter Lanes.

The term "State Paper Office" as indicating a separate record repository is, therefore, wholly incorrect, while its use as a synonym for the Public Record Office is misleading and without official warrant.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Johns Hopkins University, November 21.

REDUCING THE DUTY ON ENGLISH ART

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice this morning that a "provisional agreement" has been "arrived at" between Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Sir Edward Grey, to swap British art for American drummers' samples, by a reduction of the duty on English art. No American artist in Europe is—if he is worth anything—afraid of competition in Europe, where there is at present no tariff, though there is a certain amount of justifiable jealousy towards Americans. But, if this agreement is carried out, and if the duty on British art is alone to be reduced, and not that on Continental art, the result will simply be that British shop-keepers—I mean experts—and British painters who can't dispose of their work here or on the Continent, will have a better chance of dumping their unsalable remainders on hypnotized Anglomaniacs—I mean American art lovers.

As a matter of fact, the tariff has never kept the work of an eminent, an acknowledged European artist, out of the country. Has it kept out the Romanticists? Where are the best collections of Monet? In my own work, what European etcher has been prevented from showing and selling his prints? What illustrator from contributing to the American magazines? The tariff has kept out cheap and unsalable rubbish. It has never for one moment interfered with a modern, a living European artist. I have been connected with more than one American show of European art, and I know what I am talking about.

But if England is to be given a preferential arrangement, what will happen? France, Germany, Italy, who alone have helped America in this struggle, will, I hope, prevent American artists from ever showing, from ever studying, and from establishing schools, clubs, and students' refuges in those countries. What has Great Britain done for American art that it should be toadied to? Nothing—nothing—less than nothing. True, the Academy has from its beginning been a harbor for American painters—some of them. But has England welcomed American artists to its schools? To be sure, these schools are not worth attending. Even Englishmen who wish to learn anything go to France. Has the British nation encouraged American—or any other—save its own art? And in payment we are to allow anything unsalable, so long as it is British, to be dumped on us.

What I mean is this: take the tariff off everything—no artist over here would object to that, ridiculously sentimental and inartistic and unbusinesslike as the idea is—or let it alone. But why toady to England, the most inartistic nation on the face of the globe?

JOSEPH PENNELL.

London, November 23.

Notes.

The new volume (Part V.) of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, which is on the point of being issued, contains only literary texts, including a fragment of an uncanonical gospel, the new pæans of Pindar, and the portions of a new Greek historical work, which Drs. Grenfell and Hunt are now disposed to identify with the "Hellenica" of Theopompus. A cheap edition of the gospel fragment by itself, uniform with the "Sayings of Jesus," will be published simultaneously by Henry Frowde. It gives an account of the conversation between Jesus and a Pharisee, on the nature of purity, referred to in the report of the Egyptian Exploration Society, page 516 of this issue.

Prof. Albert Feuillerat of the University of Rennes is preparing a complete edition of the poetry and prose of Sir Philip Sidney. There will be two volumes of text and one of annotations and critical apparatus, published by the Cambridge University Press.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have just reissued Kipling's "Many Inventions," comprising short stories first published in this country by D. Appleton & Co. in 1893; a volume of "Collected Verse," containing substantially the matter in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," "Departmental Ditties and Other Verse," "The Seven Seas," and "The Five Nations"; and an edition of "The Brushwood Boy," illustrated by F. H. Townsend. We doubt whether the fantasies of "The Brushwood Boy" can ever be translated into line and color; Mr. Townsend, at any rate, has not wholly succeeded.

Miss Laura E. Lockwood, associate professor of the English language in Wellesley College, has now completed her "Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton" (The Macmillan Company), a part of which was printed several years ago as a Yale doctoral thesis. This is a welcome work and will henceforth be indispensable to any serious student of the poet. It is a matter of regret that so few special lexicons for the great English poets have as yet been undertaken. That the labor involved, though arduous, is not thankless, is proved by the reputation which has long attended the late Dr. Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon." Miss Lockwood has used the text of the Globe edition, and retained the modern spelling; in the arrangement and classification of the meanings of words she has followed the "New English Dictionary." Except in the case of the very commonest words, she has aimed at making her record of occurrences complete, and she has laid particular stress on definitions. Of course, only systematic use can prove

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the accuracy of such a book in detail, but the impression which one gains from a cursory examination of its pages is that the task has been accomplished in a reliable and painstaking manner.

We welcome the translation, by Rose E. Selfe, of selections from the first nine books of Giovanni Villani's "Croniche Florentine" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Her selections include many of the most important episodes, among them the events of Dante's time, and the chapter concerning Dante himself. The translation reads well, without apparently sacrificing accuracy. Marginal reference to Dante's writings make the work all the more valuable for the Dante student. In a brief introduction, the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed discusses the value of Villani and epitomizes Dante's politics. By giving the titles of the omitted chapters the translator enables one to infer whether they contain matter for him or not.

F. W. Bussell of Brasenose College, Oxford, has followed a new line of Christian apology in his Bampton Lectures on "Christian Theology and Social Progress" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Instead of examining the Christian revelation in the light of reason, or defending the trustworthiness of its records, he seeks to establish the faith on the basis of its utility. Not reason, or fact, but use furnishes him his point of view. He seeks to exhibit the fitness of the Christian scheme to meet the practical and pressing difficulties of modern men. He pursues his purpose with considerable success, but one may question the value of the endeavor, for the inquiry remains, What is the advantage of demonstrating that a religion is valuable if it cannot also be shown to be true? Nevertheless, Mr. Bussell's pages contain much that is of real value, comments which show no small powers of discernment and penetration. His argument is weakened by his frequent failure to hold himself resolutely to the question in hand. We note that German words, with umlauted vowels, are often incorrectly printed.

A text-book for the instruction of children in "The Life of Jesus," prepared by Herbert Wright Gates (University of Chicago Press), deserves commendation. An accompanying "Pupil's Note Book," for use in class, contains outlines to be filled in, spaces for answers to questions, and for the insertion of pictures. The division and arrangement of the Biblical material are excellent, and the features of real importance are made emphatic. Questions beyond the capacity of children from ten to thirteen are kept skilfully in the background. The effort is to allow the gospels to speak for themselves, without needless intrusion of dogma. Good use is made of Christian poetry. If Sunday-school teaching could be brought to the level indicated by this text-book, much of the reproach under which Bible training suffers would lose its justification.

The efforts on the part of prominent Protestant theologians of Germany to come to some kind of understanding with the more independent representatives of Catholic scholarship in the interests of common scientific research and practical church work, are producing a literature of their own. The well-known university address of Prof. Adolf Harnack, delivered in Berlin on the last anniversary of the Kaiser's birthday, had this for its theme, and attracted wide attention. Now Prof. Paul Tschackert, of the University of Göttingen, has just published a work of 143 pages (Munich: C. H. Beck), entitled "Modus Vivendi: Grundlinien für das Zusammenleben der Konfessionen im deutschen Reich," in which he outlines a plan showing why and how the Catholic and the Protestant churches, without in any way sacrificing any fundamental principles, could yet coöperate in most of the departments of church work, such as charity, missions, social problems, and the like. Tschackert is, however, convinced that such an understanding cannot be reached with the extremists in either camp.

A new organ of the advanced theology in Germany has been established in the monthly called *Evangelische Freiheit*, edited by Prof. O. Baumgarten of the University of Kiel, and published by Mohr, in Tübingen. Its purpose is chiefly to show that liberal thought, because on a friendly footing with modern culture in general, is better able to supply the religious wants of our generation than orthodoxy possibly can do. Practically all the liberal university theologians of Germany are enrolled in its list of contributors. The publishing house of Mohr, which has within the last few years issued more than two hundred thousand copies of the booklets constituting the series of scholarly yet popular expositions of Biblical and religious problems, known as the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher, now announces as supplementary to this series a new monthly journal called *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. This periodical is to be devoted to the discussion of religious questions from the modern point of view, and hence will give much attention to "questions and doubts" that the readers suggest. A similar yet more conservative idea underlies the new quarterly review known as *Die Theologie der Gegenwart*, published by A. Deichert of Leipzig. More conservative still is the new series called Flugblatt für Gebildete, issued monthly by C. Bertelsmann of Gütersloh, in the interest of Christian apologetics. Another new religious paper, *Die Dorfkirche*, which has made its appearance in Germany, has for its province the cultivation of the religious life of the German Protestant peasant, and the assistance of the pastors and teachers of the peasant villages in central and northern Germany in their difficult task of understanding the intellectual and emotional processes of the people to whom they minister. The editor, Hans von Lüpke, a pastor in Thalbürgel, Thuringia, declares that the missionary to the heathen is better equipped in the comprehension of the religious life and usages of foreign races by his university training than is the pastor of a peasant church for effective ministry in his country parish. Religious sentiments utterly strange to him appear in his congregation after years of labor among them, and he finds often to his sorrow that his efforts have been totally misconceived, and that he has wrought injury where he hoped to bestow benefit. No observer of the German peasant will question the truth of this statement. The chasm between the *Bauer* and the city dweller is a wide one. A. l'Houet, author of the valuable "Psychologie des deutschen Bauerntums," is one of the collaborators in the new enterprise, whose progress may be watched with interest.

In "Bilder aus der brandenburgisch-preussischen Geschichte" (Berlin: Spiro), by Dr. Georg Voss, we have a delightful series of sketches of prominent men and important events in Prussia during the eighteenth century, together with eighty-three illustrations consisting of photolithographic reproductions of the etchings and drawings of Daniel Nicholas Chodowiecki, a celebrated and highly gifted painter and engraver of that time, who also held the position of director of the Berlin Academy of Arts. Especially interesting are the anecdotes and incidents connected with the life and career of Frederick the Great. The text is entertaining, but the delineation of customs and the portraiture of persons by Chodowiecki, who was as distinguished for his keen psychological insight as for his artistic talent, give the book its chief attraction and value.

At a general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Society held on November 12 in London reports were read of the work during last year's campaign. Deir-el-Bahari, which is one of the most interesting sites in the area of ancient Thebes, has now been completely cleared. In the temple of the Queen the most important discoveries have been the great altar—the first known in Egypt at that time—and the "birth-terrace," the inscription of which gave the legend of the divine nativity of the Queen, and the description of her education and her coronation as associate to her father. In the lower part was found the unique representation of the transportation of the two obelisks erected at Karnak, one of which is still *in situ*. Inside this temple were also found the ebony panel of a shrine and its door. The discovery of the funerary temple of Mentuhetep II. is one of the most important discoveries made lately in Egypt. It is in a ruined state, but is the most ancient temple which we possess at Thebes, revealing, as it does, the art of the Eleventh Dynasty. M. Naville, in the course of his address, strongly recommended taking up another large and important work which might last several years, rather than change the site of excavations every year. He thought a worthy undertaking would be the clearing of Abydos, which had already been conceded to the Egypt Exploration Fund. Though several explorers had already worked there, a great deal still remained to be done. It was a field of research which extended from the first dynasties to the Ptolemaic times. Another important work of the year was the complete clearance of the remaining mounds which contained Greek papyri at Oxyrhynchus. These nearly all belonged to the fifth and sixth centuries A. D. In one mound were a number of literary fragments, belonging to a library largely composed of Greek lyric poets. A Gospel fragment gave an account of a conversation on the nature of purity between Christ and a Pharisee, which was supposed to take place in the temple at Jerusalem. It is probably to be regarded as an elaboration of Matthew xv. 1-20, composed between 150 and 200. The most important of the new classical texts consisted of the fragments of

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the lost "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. Another long papyrus contained a commentary on Thucydides, Book II., apparently written in the first century, but the authorship has not yet been determined.

The lack of men in the library schools is discussed in the annual report of the New York State Library, now in course of preparation. During the twenty-one years that this school has been in operation it has matriculated 475 students, of which 107, or about 23 per cent., have been men. Of this number several failed to complete the course, and 6 have died, but 75, or three-fourths of those still living, are actively engaged in library work. In but two instances have men left the work after completing the course. The report adds:

That so large a proportion of these men continue in the work is strong testimony to its opportunities for advancement and its reasonable pecuniary rewards.

On this latter point comparison is made with the salaries commonly paid by the colleges and universities to tutors and instructors on the completion of two or three years of graduate work, and the comparison would seem to show to the advantage of the library school graduate, both as to immediate and ultimate return. Among the reasons suggested to account for the hesitation of men, particularly of university men, to enter the field, are the general feeling that library work is woman's work, based on the observation that most librarians are women; the great attraction of commercial pursuits, from which all the learned or literary callings are suffering; but chiefly the fact that library work as a profession has not been brought seriously and directly to the attention of young men at the time when their life work is chosen. To most young men, the report states, the library field has been a *terra incognita* of whose opportunities for executive and administrative ability, for real scholarship, for high social service they have not known or thought. Of late there has been a marked increase in the demand for men:

Men have probably always been preferred for the chief positions, but library salaries have been so small that in library work, as in teaching, the rank and file have been overwhelmingly women. Within recent years, however, salaries have become better, and, coincidentally, has come an increased and steadily growing preference for men as chief librarians. At the present moment the demand for good men to take not only chief places, but the more important subordinate ones, is far beyond the supply.

The semi-annual meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America will be held in Chicago December 30 and 31. The subject of the first session will be the present problems of the bibliography of science. The discussion will be opened by Dr. Cyrus Adler, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The second session will be devoted to an illustrated lecture on Printing as a Fine Art by William Dana Orcutt, of the University Press, Cambridge.

A provision of the French Ministry of Education should be added to the notes which have already appeared, regarding the international exchange of academic opportunities. In France, the best educational establishments, the écoles normales, the écoles primaires supérieures, the lycées, and collèges are all under the control of the Ministry of Education. The paid teachers must be men or women of French nationality, holding a degree from a French university, but a limited number of foreigners, men and women, are admitted each year as assistants; and for a number of years English women have been received as student teachers, as *répétitrices* in the écoles normales, of which there are nearly fifty. *Répétitrices* are required to give the students, who are girls from fifteen to twenty years of age, and any teacher who may wish for it, instruction in English and practice in English conversation. They are expected to devote an hour and a half or two hours a day (not over ten hours a week) to their duties as teachers, and in exchange are allowed to attend during the rest of the day the different courses given at these schools—theory of education, French language and literature, science and arts—or to employ themselves as they think fit. They are not allowed, however, to give paid lessons outside the college. They receive no salary from the French government, but are required to pay into the funds of the college 400 francs for the school year of ten months. Such students are treated like the other teachers in these training colleges. Each is assigned a room to herself within the school building, and is provided with board throughout the school year. Candidates must not be under eighteen or over thirty years of age, and must give evidence of having had a good education at school or college. English candidates are required to have passed some examination conducted by a British university. Some knowledge of French is indispensable. American women are eligible to these posts, "provided they speak good English."

The University authorities in Vienna have decided to present Miss Elise Richter, Ph.D., to become a privat docent in Romance languages. This is the first case of a woman securing this privilege in the academic circles of Austria.

Prof. Minton Warren, Pope professor of Latin at Harvard University since 1899, died at Cambridge, November 26. He was born in Providence in 1850, was graduated from Tufts College in 1870, and nine years later received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Strassburg. Before going to Harvard, he was professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins. He was a director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome from 1896-7, and president of the American Philological Association from 1897-8.

The Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime, ex-editor of the New York *Observer*, died at Zurich, Switzerland, November 28. He was born at Matteawan, Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1837, and he was graduated from Columbia in 1856. After a course of study at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he entered the Presbyterian ministry, and held pastorates at Detroit and Newburgh. In 1876 he joined the staff of the *Observer*, of which his father, Samuel Irenæus Prime, was editor; and later he himself succeeded to the editorship. In 1893 he retired on account of ill health. He was author of an elaborate monograph, "Fifteenth-Century Bibles," and he edited the "Autobiography and Memorials" of his father.

Two deaths of literary men are reported from Germany. The first is Prof. J. Wormstall, Münster, in his seventy-ninth year. He was author of several historical works, including Über die Wanderungen der Bataver nach den Niederlanden." His "Westphalienlied" gave him some repute as a poet. Julius Gersdorff, who died by his own hand at Weimar, was a lyric poet of considerable popularity. Among his writings are "Spielmannslieder" and "Gruss aus Thüringen."

THE GREAT COMMONER.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Albert von Ruville; translated by H. J. Chaytor, assisted by Mary Morison; with an introduction by Prof. Hugh E. Egerton. 3 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $9 net.

It is strange that one of the stateliest figures in English history has never yet had an adequate biography. Most Englishmen's views of Chatham are drawn from Macaulay's two consummate essays; and the fact that hardly any writer of the first rank has ventured to follow in Macaulay's footsteps is, perhaps, the surest testimony to the insight which those essays show. Now Dr. von Ruville, a German scholar of great industry, has intervened where angels feared to tread, with an elaborate life of Chatham, in three large, closely-printed volumes, full of carefully accumulated information, illustrated by some interesting portraits. The work is translated in a style which is adequate, if sometimes necessarily stiff, and prefaced by an admirable introduction from Professor Egerton's pen. The volumes show wide knowledge and great pains. Dr. von Ruville has made good use of the Newcastle papers in the British Museum; he has searched the Record Offices in London and Berlin; he is familiar with all the principal modern books upon his subject. He is anxious to be impartial, so anxious that he never fails to emphasize his hero's faults. His knowledge of German politics does not betray him into dwelling too largely on German interests: indeed, his descriptions of Frederick the Great's campaigns are in some places almost colorless and curt.

On two points he has, we think, added something valuable to our knowledge of Pitt. He brings out strongly the share which Pitt was forced to take in the personal intrigues which formed so large an element in contemporary politics, the influence of his connections, of the Grenvilles especially, on his career, and the extent to which for many years he depended on the support of the Prince of Wales and the Leicester House party. And, secondly, Dr. von Ruville succeeds in making Lord Bute's share in English politics clearer than it has been made before. He establishes Bute's desire to work with Pitt as far as possible; and he convinces us that Pitt's resignation in 1761 was not due to the resolve of the new Court to get rid of him at any cost. In some other points also, in his appreciation of the position in America in 1758, in his insistence in Pitt's keen and early interest in military questions, and in the careful account which he gives, both of intrigues at home and of operations abroad—overloaded with detail as both are apt to be—Dr. von Ruville's work deserves respect. It is only when we come to look for breadth of view or width of treatment, for perception, proportion, sympathy, illumi-

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nation, in fact for those larger qualities which make history and biography alive, that we are driven reluctantly to the conclusion that the book is unhappily depressing and depreciatory.

It is not upon points of detail that we are forced to pass this unfavorable judgment. For a German scholar writing British history, the slips in actual details are few. That Dr. von Ruville should take seriously the genealogical myth which makes Pitt a descendant of the great Regent Moray; that he should describe Pitt as Prime Minister when he was not; that he should speak of certain politicians as belonging "to the Tory and more radical section of Pitt's following," and of George III., the stubbornest figure in English history, as a "young and pliable King"; that he should do scant justice to "Diamond Pitt," the governor, one of the raciest old adventurers that ever lived—these and similar details are points which matter comparatively little. The want of proportion, again, which leads him to give four lines to the battle of Plassey, and four pages to the capture of Belle-Isle, may be excused in a biography of Pitt. And it is not unnatural that a German writer should fail to grasp what comparatively few English historians have explained, the meaning of the long struggle between the strict Whig Oligarchy and the Tories. On the one side was the party of Walpole and Pelham, of Rockingham and Burke, who were determined to maintain the Whig party system as the only guarantee for Parliamentary freedom; on the other side were Bolingbroke and the Tories, whose theory George III. carried into practice, the theory that the Whig Oligarchy was a usurpation and party government an abuse, and that the proper constitutional system for England was government by the sovereign—a Patriot King—choosing as his ministers notable men from every party, and through them controlling Parliament and putting faction down. It was this latter theory, never fully understood, which played such havoc in eighteenth-century politics, which appealed so strongly to a detached, imaginative mind like Chatham's and severed him from the Whig party, whose natural leader he was, and which enabled George III. to shatter the Whigs and almost to ruin his country.

But our difference with Dr. von Ruville is based on stronger grounds than these. If there is one thing which is true of Chatham, though everything else may be false, it is that he had inspiration in him. Perverse, mistaken, factious, grandiose, he may sometimes have been, though our conviction is that, when his true biography comes to be written, it will show him a much simpler man than some people suppose—but he was above all else what Carlyle calls him, "radiant," lofty in character, ambition, and desire. In reading Dr. von Ruville's elaborate volumes we hardly ever get a hint of this. In these pages—incredible as it may seem—Pitt is little more than a versatile and intriguing politician, bold and powerful, it is true, in action, but constantly failing in policy, in counsel, in debate, and all through life beset and often guided by personal motives of the most pettifogging kind. To show that this is not an exaggerated criticism, we will take his character as Dr. von Ruville draws it here. Because Pitt warns his nephew against vice, Dr. von Ruville declares that "he certainly felt himself guilty" of immorality and excess in his own youth (Vol. I., p. 89). As a speaker, he indulged in "mob oratory" because he "calculated" that the public were incapable of judgment (II., 65); and many of his speeches, in which his best arguments were often not his own, were "especially deficient in depth of thought and clearness of perception" (I., 149). Dr. von Ruville does not hesitate to criticise, in this fashion, on the basis of eighteenth century reports, speeches which all who heard them agree were unmatched for fire and force in the records of Parliament. When Pitt expresses his admiration for the great Frederick of Prussia—an enthusiasm so real that all his family grew up to believe in Frederick as a hero, and on the news of Liegnitz the Hayes bells were set ringing and Pitt's two baby boys rushed in to their mother with huzzahs—Dr. von Ruville suggests that he is trying "to provide a plausible motive for his conversion to the Continental policy of Newcastle" (II., 91). When Pitt, almost alone among Parliamentary leaders, protests against the unjust treatment of Admiral Byng, Dr. von Ruville accuses him of "vacillation and timorousness," and explains that, while unwilling to risk his popularity, "he considered that he could not do anything less than express a desire for mercy" (II., 103). If Pitt denounces Parliamentary corruption, it is because "an improvement in this matter would, he hoped, increase his own power" (III., 127). If he is ill, as he constantly was—"suppressed gout," said Sir Andrew Clark once, "disordered the whole nervous system, and drove him into a state of mental depression varying with excitement and equivalent to insanity"—his gout, in Dr. von Ruville's judgment, becomes "an excellent excuse" for shirking some duty or concealing some opinion. If he refrains from advocating the overthrow of "the mercantile colonial policy," it is for fear of alienating his commercial friends (III., 161). If he "feigned pessimism," it is for fear of offending the King (III., 124). "In this, as in all cases," Dr. von Ruville sweepingly assures us, "his objects were eminently practical and selfish. He supported everything that could help his plans and opposed all that thwarted them"; though Dr. von Ruville is good enough to add that, wherever he can find an "excuse" for Pitt's actions, he does not fail to present it. It is indeed these excuses that we find it hardest to forgive. Dr. von Ruville may not have the faculty of understanding Pitt's motives, transparent as they often were. But the way in which he sets to work to suggest elaborately mean ones is the most perverse feature of a scholarly but wrong-headed book.

The worst instance of this occurs when Dr. von Ruville labors to persuade us that at two important periods of his career Pitt's political conduct was almost entirely dictated, first, by a desire to secure a large legacy from the old Duchess of Marlborough, and secondly, by a determination to make certain, whatever suppression of principle and opinion it required, of a still larger inheritance from Sir William Pynsent. To read Dr. von Ruville's comments on these two incidents alone is enough to show the singular attitude in which he approaches his ambitious task. It is no wonder after this to find him unable to see in Chatham's great stand for American freedom, in the wise and daring statesmanship which might have saved America for England by recognizing frankly her right to govern herself, anything but the "credulity" and "weakness" of a man who was "badly informed," and "did not know his own mind." From first to last this same grave fault runs through these volumes. In spite of their industry and elaboration, it seems never to have dawned upon the writer that Chatham could not possibly have been the peddling and self-seeking intriguer he depicts, whose actions it is necessary to account for by suggesting trumpery little motives in the perfect spirit of a *valet de chambre*. No man of that calibre could possibly have laid so strange a spell upon his age. Faulty, unequal, broken in his health he was. Often, no doubt, he disappointed expectations. Sometimes, in his aloofness and his distrust of party government, he proved a source of weakness to the great causes which he served. But, unless all contemporary belief is an illusion, he was also one of those rare, commanding figures, touched with the passion of the prophet, the vision of the seer, who bring into the world they move in a quality that common men do not possess, and whose lives lift the dignity of history above the littleness of which this book is full.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Adventurer, By Lloyd Osbourne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Osbourne's new story is characteristically ingenious and fantastic. The centre of the stage is held by a wonderful land-going ship, the Fortuna, constructed for the purpose of treasure-hunting beyond the South American llaños. Supported on eight gigantic wheels, and carrying two lofty schooner-rigged masts, she drives, day after day, across the trackless plain, bounding, jolting, careening before the trade-wind—her goal a deserted city of unknown antiquity, where ingots of gold lie stacked in subterranean caverns. The voyage of the Fortuna is full of vicissitudes. There is mutiny among her crew; there are hurricanes and calms, and accidents to gear and canvas; worst of all, there are hordes of screaming, half-naked savages, from whom the good ship escapes only after deadly battle. The final success of the enterprise is due, in large measure, to Kirkpatrick, the resourceful young captain. At the opening of the story he appears as an unsuccessful jack-of-all-trades, looking for employment in London. Pertinaciously following up the clue of a mysterious newspaper advertisement, he is led into the midst of an adventure, the objective of which is completely hidden from him, until he finds himself under the very masts of the Fortuna, in the far interior of the Orinoco country. An entertaining and varied group of persons embark upon this expedition with him, among them a German archæologist, a wealthy dowager from Paris, a manufacturer from Jersey City and his plucky daughter, Vera, between whom and Kirkpatrick develops an engaging romance. Mr. Osbourne's versatile imagination

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seems never to fail him. There is not a lull in the action, not a paragraph of dull writing. It is to be regretted that, in a tale so extravagantly fanciful, the author should have given himself free rein in the description of sickening carnage and violence. In spite of this defect of taste, and the too liberal amplification of a plot which is, at best, only a conceit, "The Adventurer" bids fair to take its place among a not too numerous company of Stocktonian and Stevensonian kindred.

The Golden Horseshoe. By Robert Aitken. New York: The John McBride Co.

Here are adventures with several vengeances. They carry the reader to that zone of South American revolution that is so dear, so useful to story-teller and playwright. Several fine young fellows, who, from being in debt or in love, set out to win money or to forget ladies, find themselves committed to the task of fighting a President in order to rescue the damsel beloved by two of them from the President's clutches. She being rich and his half-cousin, whatever that may be, is necessary to his plans, and has been kidnapped by him. He little knows that when she is smuggled out of New York, accident and design combine to furnish her on the high seas with a confidante, a secretary, and a devoted band of knights. Coincidence is the patron saint of this tale, and lavishly reunites in the most hidden places old college friends, old army associates, old lovers, old rivals. All work together for the great rescue, and find themselves swept, *nolens volens*, into the political war of the moment. Everything ends as it should, with cuffs and kisses falling respectively on the unjust and the just. The predicaments are magnificently many and ingenious, full of novelty to even the well-inured reader. They embrace drugging, kidnapping, destruction by torpedo, escape from shipwreck by feats of swimming that would put a duck to the blush; binding with ropes, exchanging of clothing, descent into mines of Spanish treasure where underground lakes and mummies do abound; siege and stratagem, oubliettes and earthquakes, and the confusion of armies by a phial of picric dropped from a balloon in which the lady is escaping, while the villain is lashed under the car to be wafted humanely to earth in a parachute.

All is told in a good narrative style, set off with conversations carried on in the lively modern tongues of the studio, the college, the army, the newspaper office. In fine, there is everything in the book to recommend it as a fantasy in exploit. It may be added that it makes appeal mainly to the reader who likes that kind of thing and likes a good deal of it.

Her Son. By Horace A. Vachell. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a novel with a really novel situation in fiction, though, Mr. Vachell assures us, not in fact. In his note to the present (American) edition, he takes exception to the slurs which certain English critics, "notably the more youthful, to whom sentiment is as henbane," have cast upon the credibility of this situation. It is, he says, a true story; he has even heard of another similar instance since recording it, of "a second case of a young lady adopting a child, and presenting it to the world as her own." There is, however, no denying that the thing remains improbable in spite of the fact that it has happened more than once. It belongs to the order of melodramatic incident which only real life dares invent. It is so simple and natural a thing that it would not occur as possible to one in ten thousand members of that complex and unnatural machine—society. A young woman discovers that her affianced has left a mistress for her. There are palliating considerations, but she sends him away for a year. The mistress gives birth to a child, places it in a French foundling asylum, and returns to her career of actress. The man is reported dead in South Africa, and the fiancée, out of love for him, legally adopts the child. She does not deny the inevitable report that it is her own, is turned off by her family, and lives in retirement as a widow. The man returns to life, finds that his betrothed has been married and widowed in his absence, and promptly marries the actress. He knows nothing about the child, a boy, who grows up, and on the verge of manhood hears the current gossip about his mother. She lets him think himself her illegitimate son, Britannically fearing the effect upon him of the discovery that base blood is in his veins. Eventually, of course, he learns the truth, bears up under it as the son of his father should, and the death of the actress-mother makes matters smooth for a comfortable finale. No doubt the action turns upon sentiment; but, as readers of "The Hill" will recall, Mr. Vachell's sentiment is not of the watery kind. It consorts very well with sensible thinking and a plain and sturdy way of speech.

The Revelations of Inspector Morgan. By Oswald Crawfurd. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

As a matter of bald fact, the vast majority of criminals who are caught at all, are caught by the duly constituted officers of the law. Mr. Crawfurd is not the first author to realize that the private detective's inordinate proportion of successes in fiction makes our whole literature of "thrill" misleading. In his preface, he has stated his thesis with uncommon directness:

> This collection of stories is an attempt to establish the professional detective police of my own country in that position of superiority to the mere amateur and outsider from which he has been ousted in contemporary fiction.

The author's "own country" is England. He explains gracefully, in the present American edition of tales which have been popular in England, that what he has alleged of the British detective, he also alleges "on good authority of the American detective." Though this is a book of 341 pages, there are but four stories. Yet Mr. Crawfurd was apparently unable even in this small number of stories to confine himself to those strictly official achievements which his book was avowedly written to celebrate. In one tale, Inspector Morgan solves a mystery by means of clues which came into his hands at an earlier period when he was in the army. Another describes an adventure which occurred before he joined the force. Not only is the mystery here solved by Morgan, when a mere journalist, but the most brilliant deductions of that quest are made by an elderly archæologist; a personage still farther removed from Scotland Yard influences. Thus in more than a third of this book, the hero himself appears as an "amateur" detective, like Dupin and Sherlock Holmes.

This, of course, is nothing against the quality of the tales as tales. Readers will find two of the four stories well up to recent standards of the kind; while one, "The Kidnapped Children," works out a motive which is as adequate and convincing as it is ingenious and unexpected, not a frequent combination of qualities in a field of fiction so thoroughly worked over.

A Horse's Tale. By Mark Twain; illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a short story—a good magazine story—transformed, by means of large type, double leading, wide margins, and thick paper, into a thin book. It is not primarily humorous, though of course there are touches of humor. The protagonists are an attractive little girl and her horse. The action begins briskly and cheerfully at a military post in the Far West, with soldiers, Indians, and Buffalo Bill for supernumeraries, and ends pathetically at a bull-fight in Spain. The Tale will interest both children and grown-ups.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.*

We are introduced to science through an intermediate volume which indirectly bears upon the subject, for there is a science underlying play activity. Several years ago, E. V. Lucas edited a book entitled "What Shall We Do Now?" A new volume with the same title, written by Dorothy Canfield and others, comes from the Stokes press. There is abundant fun in its pages, well grouped, as shown by the headings "Games for a Party," "Rainy-day Games," and the like. It would seem that this is a more practical volume than the one issued by Caroline Wells—"Rainy Day Diversions" (Moffat, Yard), which offers too much mental exercise, and too little actual entertainment. We live in an electrical age; children are brought up on the word "automobile" before they learn how to spell "cat." Therefore, Tudor Jenks, in his "Electricity for Young People" (Stokes), is not only abreast of the times, but is also making a direct appeal to the modern boy. His volume tells in concise and simple language the progress of electricity, showing its discovery and its practical uses. A commendable feature is the combination of biography with scientific accomplishment. The book will please any young electrician from ten years up. Mr. Jenks is said to be writing a companion volume on photography. Considering the fact that we have from him another book, entitled "When America Was New" (Crowell), we marvel at his productivity. In this latter volume history for children is regarded from the social aspect; they are made acquainted with the economic conditions of the times. Another practical guide is Harper's "Electricity Book for Boys," written and illustrated by Joseph H. Adams. This is avowedly a book of instruction dealing with

*The first article was printed November 28.

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those principles which are useful to the boy when making motors, putting up electric bells, and the like. In addition, electric light, heat, power, and attraction are explained by Joseph B. Baker, technical editor of the United States Geological Survey. In an appendix, electrical terms and phrases are defined. The book is not so historical as Mr. Jenks's; on the other hand, it is more practical. Another volume of a scientific character is "The Boys' Book of Locomotives" (McClure), in which J. R. Howden traces the evolution of the steam engine from its beginning to its replacement by the electric locomotive. There is much romance in this development, and the book will tempt old as well as young. With much the same purpose, Charles R. Gibson has discussed "The Romance of Modern Photography"—issued in a thick volume through Lippincott's. There is no attempt to offer suggestions to the picture-taker, but again step by step the growth of the art is discussed through the changes, from daguerrotypes to the latest improved methods; and from the toy known as the zoetrope—with which children used to amuse themselves—to the latest moving picture.

A companion volume in form is Richard Stead's "Adventures on High Mountains" (Lippincott), an out and out volume of incident and thrilling perils. The illustrations alone are sufficiently attractive to induce one to run through the 328 pages. A third volume, evidently belonging to the same series, and entitled "Adventures in the Great Forests," is from the pen of H. W. G. Hyrst. In his preface he asserts that the golden age of modern exploration as regards forests, lay between 1760 and 1860; that no longer do wild animals and savages haunt the by-paths of traffic. To judge by the illustrations, the modern reader will be rather glad that the Golden Age is past, although he will find plenty of entertainment in the account of startling exploits in the jungle. No less ferocious, when brought into unwilling relations with civilization, are the "Wild Animal Celebrities," whose biographies are included in Ellen Velvin's interesting little book (Moffatt, Yard). It is something for children to see the caged animals in our zoölogical parks. It is a still greater privilege, therefore, for them to know something of the personal lives of these beasts; and the author has sketched for us the events befalling the lions, bears, and elephants, from their wild days to the time of their captivity; and besides that, she has given us good insight into the dangers encountered by the men who are responsible for the animals on exhibition.

In the biography of the year, we note Frederick A. Ober's continuation of the series entitled Heroes of American History. He has adopted his usual picturesque style, in his "Amerigo Vespucci" (Harper), and in his "Magellan."

In fiction many familiar names appear, but it is impossible in a short space to do credit to them all. Ralph Henry Barbour is the author of "Four Afloat" (Appleton), "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" (Century), and "The Spirit of the School" (Appleton). Mr. Barbour's spirit is always healthy, even though his plots may be lacking in originality. All of his stories deal with athletics, but they do not rise above the general level of the modern school tale. Everett T. Tomlinson's "The Camp-fire of Mad Anthony" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) tells of a tea party which took place in Philadelphia, and involved the heroes of this story; he also relates the adventures of the Pennsylvania troops under Anthony Wayne, from 1774 to 1776. In his customary manner, Mr. Tomlinson bases his incident upon fact. In this respect he is a seasoned writer, but he falls short in the development of his plot, and his style is not irreproachable. "Captain June" (Century) is a short story by Alice Hegan Rice, told with a certain freshness, although the situation is slight. The hero is a little boy, who is left with a Japanese servant, while his mother goes to join his sick father. He sees many curious Japanese customs, and becomes the centre of a little mystery. Mrs. Rice has done better work. It is easy enough to infer what kind of story Richmond Pearson Hobson would write for boys. His "Buck Jones at Annapolis" (Appleton) is sufficiently literal in title to mark it. This literalness is likewise to be found in Mr. Tomlinson's "Four Boys in the Land of Cotton" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), one of a series entitled Our Own Land. It is sufficient to note that the story is a vehicle only. For girls you have to choose between George Madden Martin's "Abbie Ann" (Century), Nina Rhoades's "Marion's Vacation" (Lothrop), "Priscilla of the Doll Shop" (Lothrop) by the same author, and "Peggy, Betsey, and Mary Ann," by Bell Elliott Palmer (Appleton). This represents a gay assemblage of feminine names. The parent who buys fiction for children without examining the books should be subject to a fine; he will discover nothing to pervert, but assuredly she will find little to stimulate.

For small children we note several distinctive books: a reissue of Virginia Gerson's quaint record of "The Happy Heart Family" (Duffield), which we praised in its first edition; Emilie Poulsson's "Father and Baby Plays" (Century), in which many suggestions are recorded, which serve to bring the child and the father closer together at playtime. Then there is Abbie Farwell Brown's "Friends and Cousins" (Houghton), a sequel to "Brothers and Sisters" of last year. The story is superior in style and plot to its predecessor, and will probably amuse young readers. By far the most delightfully spirited story for young folks is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Cozy Lion" (Century), in which the most ferocious beast is pacified, just in time to enter amicably into gentle sport with a group of children.

Among the large books in which text is subservient to picture may be mentioned a white and gold bound volume entitled "Childhood" (Duffield), with imaginative and sympathetic pictures by Millicent Sowerby, accompanied by verses by Githa Sowerby. Helen Hay Whitney's "The Bedtime Book" (Duffield) consists of poems after the manner (moderately successful) of Stevenson, and illustrated in her customary decorative style by Jessie Wilcox Smith. This volume is uniform with Mrs. Whitney's previous book. In this same paragraph may be included Lady Tennant's "The Children and the Pictures" (Macmillan). Paintings by famous artists are reproduced, many of them in rich coloring; and the text is a fanciful sketch, in which the figures in the pictures descend from their frames and talk to the little heroine about events of long ago. Among the thousands who enjoyed Miss Maude Adams's performance of "Peter Pan," none could have been more enthusiastic than Oliver Herford, who in his "Peter Pan Alphabet" (Scribner) pays tribute to every little incident in the play, whether it be "K stands for Kiss," "N stands for Nana," or "A for Adams."

We beseech the mothers and fathers who read these columns to give the subject of book-buying some forethought and to visit the public libraries, which are placing on exhibit the latest children's books.

Wordsworth and His Circle. By D. W. Rannie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

With Wordsworth in England. Selected and arranged by Anna Benneson McMahan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.40 net.

Wordsworth's Poems. Selected by Stopford A. Brooke. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $3 net.

There are faults in Mr. Rannie's "Wordsworth and His Circle" which it would be wrong to pass over. Though well-read and in the main judicious, he occasionally makes odd slips in his critical remarks. It shows, for example, a curious sense of language to say that the Bucolics of Virgil are "expressed in the *ipissima verba* of simple folk." It indicates also a somewhat vague knowledge of Continental literature to identify, as Mr. Rannie apparently does, the *Aufklärung* and romanticism; and this error is in a way serious as it illustrates the loose ideas still prevalent in English books on the relation between the romantic movements in England and in Germany. To come nearer home, how many people will agree with Mr. Rannie that "The Idiot Boy" is "really as humorous as 'John Gilpin' "? The present reviewer for one cannot remember ever to have laughed enormously over the adventures of Betty Foy, nor, in general, has he found humor a main inspiration of the first "Lyrical Ballads" and of "Peter Bell." Again, it is not proper for a critic to quote Southey's lines:

> Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
> Follow thy friend beloved,
> The spirit is not there—

and to say they are "as good as Longfellow at his best."

But Mr. Rannie's critical shortcomings lie deeper than these perhaps excusable faults of detail. "It is best," he says, "to take Wordsworth as he took himself, quite seriously"—he might have added, as indeed he does in spirit, *and reverently.* But it is possible to deal with Wordsworth in entire respect, and yet to see that his philosophy of life is, on one side, essentially unsound. Consider that perfectly worded and most characteristic stanza:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

Mr. Rannie quotes this stanza and has no word of protest against its meaning, yet really, so far as it has any meaning, it is

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not only nonsense—why not say the truth?—but pernicious nonsense. One is tempted to compare the lines with Wordsworth's bugbear, Pope:

> First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same;
> Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchanged, and universal light . . .
> Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
> Are Nature still, but Nature methodized . . .
> Be Homer's works your study and delight,
> Read them by day, and meditate by night . . .
> Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
> To copy Nature is to copy them.

The attitude of Pope toward nature is one-sided and, even thus, far enough from his own practice, but at least this conception of the lessons of nature as embodied once for all in precepts and examples is wholesomer and truer than a romanticism which professes to learn more of man and morality from trees than from Christ and Plato. Now Mr. Rannie is by no means blind to Wordsworth's lapses into dulness and triviality; he even insists on these points too frequently, thinking thereby, no doubt, to save his critical discernment; but it is time that all of us, while recognizing the loftiness of Wordsworth's genius and accepting gratefully the consolation of his pantheistic revery, should acknowledge also that in so far as he attempts to satisfy the heart of man through inanimate nature he is on an essentially lower level of poetical philosophy than the old way, which went immediately to the thrust of human passions and the battle of man with man. It is this, and not his occasional nodding that will forever bar him from the company of the supreme poets.

But we have already done Mr. Rannie's book an injustice by insisting so heavily on these points. As a matter of fact, his faults are few and easily relieved from their context; the merits of his work are pervasive and not readily specified. Even in matters critical he is commonly sound and ingenious, and his chapter on Southey may be named particularly as an admirably just and interesting attempt to show the real value of that neglected poet, without losing sight for a moment of his limitations. Even better is Mr. Rannie's treatment of the lives of Wordsworth and his friends. Criticism, quotation, narrative, and anecdote are so woven together as to form a single piece, and Mr. Rannie has shown unusual skill in the difficult task of associating a number of persons together so as to make them seem really a group of living friends. Coleridge moves through the scenes, with the divine light ever waning in his eyes; Lamb banters and praises; Southey, Christopher North, Dr. Arnold, De Quincey, Scott, Rogers, Keats, come and go, speak and listen, and range themselves in proper perspective about the central, still lonely figure. The style is always graceful and dignified, and we do not hesitate to affirm that this is the best book yet written for any one who wishes to breathe, so to speak, the very atmosphere in which these men moved.

Of the two other books named at the head of this review, a word is sufficient. Mrs. McMahan has brought together the poems of Wordsworth with a few letters that illustrate his life in England, and has added a large number of photographic illustrations which help to make more real the places described or alluded to. The volume is thus an excellent supplement to Mr. Rannie's (which is illustrated less freely), although her own introductions and comments are of no special value. Something of the same nature is the volume of selections edited by Stopford A. Brooke. The illustrations here are from pencil drawings made by Edmund H. New, more artistic and agreeable to the eye than the glazed photographic reproductions, but sometimes a little vague in the impression they leave.

Il Tragico Quotidiano. By Giovanni Papini. Florence: Lumachi.

According to its foremost British exponent, pragmatism includes not only the will to believe, but to disbelieve, and to make believe. Utilizing this formula of Schiller, the first function has been seen in Professor James's well known work, the second in Papini's "Crepuscolo dei Filosofi" (1905), while the third is manifest in the latest effusion of this young Italian thinker. Here he has been likened to a Heinrich Heine who has taken lessons from Ibsen. Having emerged from that twilight of philosophers wherein he has disposed of Kant with his arid noumenalism, Hegel with his rigid doctrine of becoming, Schopenhauer with his illusory pessimism, Comte with his presumptuous positivism, Spencer with his mechanical evolution, and Nietzsche with his neurasthenic apotheosis of power, the Florentine iconoclast now essays to substitute his own ways of thinking in what he describes as a series of obscure fables and disquieting colloquies. In one of his defensive prefaces written, much in the manner of Bernard Shaw, to anticipate hostile criticism, Papini explains to his philosophic readers that his rule of thinking is to render habitual those actions and sensations which are extraordinary, by putting aside those that are ordinary and unexceptional. The daily tragedy, he abruptly exclaims, is that we are forced to behold a banal world in which the majority of men live in a state of bovine indifference, and in which matters of interest diminish every hour. But there is a remedy for this: it is to behold the common world in an uncommon way, to think what no one else thinks, to be astonished at what no one else regards. The first step towards this new world of wonder is forgetfulness, for oblivion of the external achievements of others will lead to astonishment at the strange thoughts which arise within one's self. In a word, the new imperative is this: Learn to see the world in thyself!

Here is a pragmatism in an extreme and peculiar form, skepticism brought into a strange conjunction with radical empiricism, the ancient sophism expressed in current terms, a mixture of an individualist's revolt against settled systems of thought and the ennui of a "cerebralist," exasperated over the dead level of modern democracy. But there is more to the matter than this negative attitude. Scorning the fancies of metaphysicians, the pragmatist still attempts to erect some positive scheme of his own. Adopting the Protagorean dictum, "Man is the measure of all things," he turns it into a transcendental doctrine of becoming: Man is the medium of the cosmic consciousness. So in this radical exponent of pragmatism extremes have met; skepticism has ended in mysticism, as is shown by the steps he would take to achieve his ends. As with the mystics, the purgative stage precedes the illuminative, so with him forgetfulness brings awe. Oblivious of the ordinary waking life, he exclaims, Let us seek in our unconfined and uncontrolled thoughts that which is mysterious, enigmatical, terrible; for otherwise, imprisoned in this house of facts, we shall never reach the mystic cell of the imagination, where alone life is profound:

> Tired of others, with their utterly trivial interests, tired of myself, as I am, let me commence a new chapter in the story of the universe.

Meanwhile, before the first instalment of this autobiography of the cosmos, he has different work to do. While urging his followers to be other Alexanders with other worlds to conquer, he himself must put to flight the enemies of pragmatism. These are the formal philosophers, who strive after the ultimate essence of things. They may be ghostly foes, but they are dangerous. So many Hamlets, they have been walking in a world of shadows; pure rationalists, they have been under the despotism of a symbol, have reduced the infinite variety of nature to some single insubstantial phrase, in brief, attempting to create, they have actually destroyed, and their motto should not be *fiat*, but *pereat*. So a new creator is needed; he is the pragmatic Man-God who by the power of his imagination is able to body forth the contents of his will. If another is able, as it were, to create me by dreaming through the years of my life in as many moments of his sleep, consider what it would mean to utilize to their full extent the powers which we have within ourselves, to become lords of this earth by realizing our wishes and our dreams!

With this rhapsody Papini concludes a volume which it is evident will not add much to his reputation as a thinker. Nevertheless, out of this medley of enigmatic fables there is to be extracted a little metaphysical meaning; that meaning is that the world is, in a measure, plastic, and that the environment may, in some degree, be adapted by man to his own liking. As a theory of reality that doctrine may be invalid; as a practical rule of living, it has a certain interest. If the Italian delighted less in symbols, if his promised work on pragmatism proper were to be written with the clarity and ease which mark his recently translated brochure, in the October number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, he might gain a hearing among us. Pragmatism is in the air, for not only are the women reading it, the clergy preaching it. It may be a loose way of thinking, but it is better than no thinking at all, and, for the first time since the days of Emerson, it promises to be a popular philosophy. Here two things are in its favor: with its insistence on the latent powers of man it has its affiliations with the so-called New Thought; with its ability to blink the disagreeable facts of life it is akin to the current demand for an optimistic idealism.

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Science.

The Chemistry of Commerce: A Simple Interpretation of Some New Chemistry in its Relation to Modern Industry. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

This book has the rare qualification of being needed, for nowhere else can the average reader find recent discoveries and manufacturing processes so clearly and accurately explained. Prof. Duncan is a good interpreter of his science, because he understands what points are of interest to the public, and he can present them without either blinding the reader with unfamiliar terminology or indulging in a fairy-tale phraseology.

The revolution that has taken place in chemistry chiefly during the past decade is essentially a change from the analytic to the synthetic. The science has become creative; instead of following nature, it leads. In the first part of its recent development it was merely imitative, and in this way became associated in the popular mind with innumerable forms of sophistication and adulteration. To-day, instead of manufacturing dyes like those obtained from plants, perfumes that can not be distinguished from the genuine, accurate imitations of gems, and artificial drugs, it is producing thousands of new colors, perfumes and flavors never found in fruit and flowers, precious stones unknown to the mineralogists, and the medicines contrived to meet the specific requirements of the physician. Man is, therefore, being relieved in part from his dependence upon the chance occurrence and discovery of a useful ingredient in some rare tropical plant. The modern industrial chemist proceeds like an architect in building a house, or an engineer in constructing a bridge. If he wants a coloring matter of a certain shade, durability, and intensity, or an antifebrile drug, he does not make fluid extract of the herbarium specimens from Brazil or Sumatra, but he takes out his pencil and draws a sketch of the molecule having the special properties that he desires; then he goes into his laboratory and constructs it. Posterity is in no danger of being starved out, because the bacteria which work in the nodules of the roots of peas and beans do not succeed in capturing enough of the elusive nitrogen of the air to keep up food supply. Man now can produce his own assimilated nitrogen as a fertilizer for the soil by miniature lightning flashes through the air.

Prof. Duncan has a new method of bringing the factory and the university closer together by the establishment of industrial scholarships in educational institutions, the holder to devote his time and research appliances of the laboratory to the working out of some special problems of the manufacturer who pays his expenses. This system, which has been established in the State University of Kansas, he describes in the closing chapter.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the publication, in March, of "Religion and Health; the Moral Control of Nervous Disorders," the first official book growing out of the much discussed Emmanuel Church movement in Boston. The authors are Elwood Worcester, D.D., director of Emmanuel Church Class for Nervous Disorders, formerly professor of philosophy and psychology at Lehigh University; Samuel McComb, D.D., associate director of Emmanuel Church Class for Nervous Disorders, formerly professor of church history at Queen's University, Canada; and Isador H. Coriat, M.D., second assistant physician for diseases of the nervous system at the Boston City Hospital, formerly first assistant physician at the Worcester Insane Hospital.

Many families will welcome a good book on the plan of the "Standard Family Physician" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), whose two volumes of nearly eleven hundred pages are declared by a sub-title to be "a practical international encyclopædia of medicine and hygiene, especially prepared for the household." The editors are Prof. Carl Reissig of Hamburg and Prof. S. E. Jelliffe of New York, with a long list of associate editors, of whom thirty-three are attributed to Germany and ten to America. Taken as a whole, the work is a commendable effort to lead the layman to take a rational view of diseases and of "the results which may be reasonably expected from therapeutic measures." The opposition to quackery in its various forms, to all the "pathies," and to "natural" methods is praiseworthy and ought to do good. On the other hand, it is to be feared that many laymen, already far too eager to venture into the unknown, may be tempted by the great variety of information to embark on the sea of therapy with quite too brief sailing directions, and no compass. The anatomical and physiological details in the introduction are far too meagre for the average reader, who needs more help and deserves more correct and illuminating pictures. The other illustrations are, in the main, good, but sometimes quite superfluous. Space forbids any detailed notice of the individual articles, which are uneven in quality, beyond commending those on burns, dress, care of the baby, nourishment of the sick, and pain, as examples of a good method, and noting, as illustrative of poor treatment, bread, dwelling places, imbecility, and school. In general, it may be said that too little attention is paid to the emergencies of domestic life, the very conditions where such a book is most needed in families at a distance from medical aid. The list of drugs and doses is too extended and tempting.

It's a far cry from the brief article of Eienstock in 1884 to the recent book of C. A. Herter, "The Common Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract and the Intoxications Arising from Them" (the Macmillan Co.). Those to whom the terminology of the bacteriologist is not unfamiliar will find here not only a well written but also an interesting and suggestive study of a rich fauna and a discussion of questions of much import, for they are fundamental in relation to a great human woe, indigestion. Particularly alluring is the antagonism existing between different bacteria, the opposition of the native to the immigrant forms. Dr. Herter is cautious in his statements as to the harmfulness of the various forms and the prospect of remedial measures. His allusion to the varying susceptibility of the nervous system to toxic influences seems to us almost too reserved.

From John Wiley & Sons comes Benjamin R. Tillson's "The Complete Automobile Instructor," a handy little volume of interest and value to the professional motor-car driver as well as to the amateur and to the salesman. Arranged in the form of question and answer, it states lucidly and clearly the principle, the operation, and the care of gasolene automobiles. Herein are set forth the mysteries of the magneto, clutch, ignition, timers, coils, and all the other parts of the complicated automobile of to-day, not only by means of clear and simple language, but through many valuable illustrations. Of the crop of automobile instruction books that have appeared in the last two or three years this seems to us the one the automobile owner who knows little of mechanics will find it easiest to master. Many readers, however, would have liked it better if after each of the more than six hundred questions had been placed the answer, instead of separating all of the questions and answers as Mr. Tillson has done. The book has an excellent index, and is handsomely printed.

Bulletin Number 31 of the Biological Survey at Washington, entitled "An Economic Study of Field Mice," by David E. Lantz, is a plan of battle against these little creatures; and the farmer who reads it has small excuse for not saving his young orchards, nursery stock, and grain. The average annual loss from the three species of field mice of the genus *Microtus* alone, amounts to $3,000,000, and this treatise aims to save a portion of this waste. The principal part of the bulletin is devoted to the damage done by the mice, each class of crop being considered in order, with illustrations showing what injuries are to be laid at the door of the field mice and what to rabbits and other rodents. The value of owls, most hawks, shrikes, snakes, skunks, badgers, and most species of weasels, as the natural enemies of field mice, is clearly demonstrated. Finally, we have concise directions as to the most efficient modes of trapping and poisoning. This is a type of the effective aid which the Biological Survey is affording to farmers.

"The Fungus-Growing Ants of North America" is the title of an elaborate paper just published by Prof. William M. Wheeler (Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXIII., Article 31). It is divided into four parts, namely, a résumé of the writings of previous students of these ants, a taxonomic revision of the known North American members of the group, an account of Professor Wheeler's own observations, and a consideration of the main problems involved in the study of the fungus-growing instincts not only in these ants, but also in certain termites and the ambrosia beetles. The fungus-growing, or parasol, ants are of great interest both on account of their unusual and complex instincts and in their relation to man; for they are one of the scourges of the tropics. They strip plants of their foliage, and, carrying the leaves into their nests, masticate them, and plant the residue in a specially prepared garden; a species of fungus soon appears in abundance. The larger workers cut and gather the leaves, those of medium size do the chewing, and the smallest ants in the colony destroy the spores of all other fungi but the edible, and prune that. This latter

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work is most important, for, as was proved by experiment, if the fungus once gets the upper hand and begins to branch, the ants are fairly driven from their home by their own bread-fruit trees. The paper forms an important contribution to entomology, and is filled with new and surprising facts. As to the origin of the fungus-growing and eating habit, which, by the way, has arisen independently in beetles, termites, and ants, there have been several theories advanced. The most probable is that of Von Ihering, who thinks that the insects in former times fed only upon grain. Some of this, if carried unripe into the nest, would become mouldy, and the ants, feeding upon it, would eat portions of the fungus. In time they might come to prefer the latter to their more usual diet. Be that as it may, these insects "in the fierce struggle for existence, everywhere apparent in the tropics, have developed a complex of instinctive activities which enables them to draw upon an ever-present, inexhaustible food supply through utilizing the foliage of plants as a substratum for the cultivation of edible fungi. No wonder, therefore, that, having emancipated themselves from the precarious diet of other ants, which subsist on insects, the sweet exudations of plants, and the excrement of phytophthorous Rhynchota, the Attii have become the dominant invertebrates of tropical America."

The August number (Vol. II., No. 4) of the medical section of the *Philippine Journal of Science* has, among its four papers, one by Lieut. C. L. Cole, an army surgeon, relating the discovery of *Necator americanus* (the "hookworm," the parasite which produces the peculiar anemia of Porto Rico) in the dejecta of many members of the Philippine Scouts organization sent to the hospital for other diseases. Facts are presented to show a considerable prevalence of this disease in the Philippines, where it had not been hitherto reported, or at least had received no particular attention. A paper in the same number treats of infant mortality, a problem serious everywhere, but extraordinarily so in Manila. During the four years, 1903-1906, an average of 4,700 infants under one year of age died annually in that city, these deaths constituting almost 50 per cent. of the total mortality. It is stated in this paper as a very conservative estimate that 2,500 of these infants died every year simply for want of sufficient or proper food.

Bernard James Harrington, professor of chemistry in McGill University, died in Montreal, November 29. He was born in 1848 at St. Andrews, Province of Quebec, and he studied at McGill and Yale. After some service in the Geological Survey, he was appointed in 1883 to a professorship at McGill. For many years he was editor of the *Canadian Nationalist;* and he was author of many monographs on the mineralogy of Canada, and of "The Life of Sir William Logan, First Director of the Geological Survey of Canada," 1883. He was a member of many learned societies.

Dr. George F. Shrady died in this city November 30. He was born here in 1837, and after graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1858, he began the practice of medicine. He attained prominence when he was called to attend ex-President Grant during his last illness. He served as a surgeon in many of the New York hospitals; he had been president of the New York Pathological Society, of the Practitioners' Society of New York, and of the American Medical Editors' Association; and he was a member of various scientific and professional organizations. From 1860 to 1864 he edited the *American Medical Times.* In 1866 he founded the *Medical Record,* which he edited till 1904; and he was the author of "Pine Ridge Papers" and many articles on surgery.

James Herbert Veitch died at Exeter, England, on November 13. Born in 1868, in due course he became a member of the firm of nurserymen and seedsmen, James Veitch & Sons, Chelsea. In 1891 he started on a tour through India, the Straits Settlements, Japan, Korea, Australia, and New Zealand, to study the vegetation of those countries, with a view to introducing new species into England. He contributed his observations in a series of letters to the *Gardeners' Chronicle,* afterward reprinted under the title "A Traveller's Notes." Later, as manager of his firm, he sent E. H. Wilson to collect new species of plants in western China and Tibet. Last year he published "Hortus Veitchii," an elaborate work describing all the exotic plants and the hybrids the firm has cultivated.

Drama.

Plays of Our Forefathers, and Some of the Traditions Upon Which They Were Founded. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

It was a fortunate idea of Professor Gayley's to attempt an account of the English miracle plays with reference not only to their importance as an instance of the development of literary art, but, to use his own words, "as a chronicle of the ideals and traditions, the religious consciousness, the romance and humor of times that seem to be remote, but after all are modern in a myriad surprising ways." The result is a charming book, which may be recommended to the general reader as the best introduction to the subject at the same time that it possesses a value for the specialist. We cannot always, we confess, follow Professor Gayley in his admiration for these earliest products of English dramatic genius. Especially in regard to scenes of comedy his own sense of humor sometimes leads him to read into the lines a comic force which, as a matter of fact, the old dramatists with their embryonic powers of expression were unable to attain. These gifts of humor and sympathy, however, stand the author in good stead in imparting interest to material which is often far removed from modern modes of thought and feeling. In this respect the work complements admirably the technical and detailed exposition in Chambers's "Mediæval Stage" of the development of the miracle plays from the more purely historical point of view. The quality of humor, however, is only one of the features of these plays which have an interest for modern readers. Very suggestive are the chapters devoted to the romantic element, which the author notes especially in the "Ludus Coventriæ" and the York plays of the Middle Period; and to the other elements of pathos and sublimity, which are more obvious, as well as more generally diffused through the cycles.

In the earlier chapters of his work, Professor Gayley gives more space to those singular festivals of the mediæval church which are so closely allied with the miracle plays, viz., the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, etc., than would have been likely before the appearance of Mr. Chambers's treatise. He exhibits an independent judgment, however, in these matters, as also throughout his account of the origin of the mediæval drama, its development from the trope to the full form of miracle. The most important part of the book for the special student, is, as it seems to us, that which deals with the relations of the plays of the different English cycles to each other. Considering the activity of mediæval studies during recent years, it is singular that more has not been done to clear up these relations. As is well known, the problem is complicated by the fact that each of the greater cycles, in the form in which they have come down to us, represents the growth of a considerable number of years, so that not only are the plays the products of different hands, but some of them have suffered alterations and interpolations. The observations on this subject in the present work will accordingly be read with great interest. After a brief chapter on the mysteries in France our author concludes this division of his book with a survey of the origin and history of the strange and famous traditions which figure so largely in the miracle plays, such as the legend of the Holy Rood-Tree, the Harrowing of Hell, the Coming of Anti-Christ. Professor Gayley has not discussed the remaining forms of the mediæval drama—namely, the morality (or "moral," as contemporaries generally called it), and the interlude—with anything like the fulness with which he has discussed the miracles. It is to be noted that, like Mr. Chambers, he emphasizes the fact that no sharp distinction was drawn between moralities and interludes.

We should not take leave of this volume without remarking on its handsome typography and the excellent illustrations, relating to nearly every aspect of the mediæval drama. It is a great pity, however, that the sources of these various illustrations have not been stated with the needful accuracy. When, for instance, a picture of "Devils and Cauldron" (p. 178) is said to be taken from "Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française," it is not unreasonable if the reader should wish to know whose history this is, and in what volume and on what page the illustration is to be found. Indeed, the manuscript source, itself, ought to have been given. To have supplied this information would have cost the author, of course, practically no trouble.

Prof. Charlton Minor Lewis of Yale will soon issue, through Henry Holt & Co., "The Genesis of Hamlet," in which he attempts to solve the problem of Hamlet by discriminating "between Shakespeare's original contributions to the story, and the legendary materials that he inherited." Dr. Lewis's volume will also handle, among other topics, the "Theories of Coleridge and

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Werder," "The First Quarto," "Kyd and Belleforest," "The German Hamlet," and "Ophelia."

A memorial edition (Mindeudgave) of Henrik Ibsen's Collected Works in five substantial quarto volumes has just been completed by the Gyldendalske Boghandel of Christiania and Copenhagen. Although printed on fairly good paper with a clear and legible type, this edition, which comprises all of Ibsen's published works, is sold at a very low price (about $4 in paper cover, $6 bound in cloth). Each volume has as a frontispiece a portrait of Ibsen. The editor is Prof. Johan Storm of Christiania University, who has appended a treatise on Ibsen's grammar and spelling. Professor Storm has succeeded in correcting many printer's and other errors, but he has also in a number of places taken upon himself to correct Ibsen's spelling or grammar. It seems, however, that the learned editor might better have confined himself to establishing what Ibsen really had written or intended; because it is Ibsen himself we want, with his greatness as well as with his faults, and this especially in a "memorial edition."

Signor Ermete Novelli began his second New York season in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening, with a performance of "Othello," a character in which his artistic limitations are, perhaps, more sharply defined than in any other which he has attempted here. That his impersonation should fail to meet the requirements of the best English-speaking standards, or bear the test of comparison with the work of Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, and other earlier actors, is not remarkable. An adequate knowledge of Shakespeare's language is essential to a thorough comprehension of Othello, or of any of his principal creations. In the Italian version of the play the character of the Moor is discernible only in its cruder outlines. Not only this: the text itself is robbed of all its poetic beauty and much of its dramatic point. It is not strange, therefore, that in an Italian representation the play should degenerate into romantic melodrama. What is significant is that the deficiencies of Signor Novelli as an actor should be peculiarly apparent in what is manifestly a traditional Italian conception of the central part. In many details of its "business" his Othello is clearly modelled upon that of Salvini. He even imitates the action of the latter—which provoked so much criticism thirty years ago—in threatening to grind his heel into the face of the prostrate Iago. Other striking correspondences might be quoted. Yet in general spirit and effect the two impersonations are almost as far apart as the poles. About the Othello of Salvini, in spite of all its realism and barbaric rage, there were a native dignity and majestic power which in Signor Novelli's are almost wholly absent. The difference can be accounted for only by the higher intuition, as well as the superior skill, of the older actor.

William C. de Mille's new piece, "The Warrens of Virginia," which was produced in the Belasco Theatre on Tuesday evening, although differing in theme, belongs to the same category as "A Grand Army Man," with which David Belasco recently opened his other theatre. Dealing as it does with the simpler domestic emotions, it affords a welcome relief from the frenzied drama which Mr. de Mille affected during his Leslie Carter period. It is not of much consequence as a play, being altogether artificial and conventional in structure, and making its appeal by trite devices to sentimental impulses rather than to the intellect; but it is wholesome and fairly interesting entertainment, and contains several excellent theatrical situations, which would be still more effective if they were the result of a compelling dramatic force, and not of obvious machinery. The scene is laid in Virginia during the last days of the war, and the opening conditions and incidents are arranged, without much reference to probability, to bring about a climax which in itself is a strong and good one. A young Northern officer, in love with the daughter of the Southern General Warren—who is in desperate straits with his troops in the neighborhood of Appomattox—obtains leave to visit her, at her father's house, on condition that he will agree to be captured on the premises with a misleading dispatch in his possession, the object of which is to beguile into ambush a provision train upon which the last hope of the Confederate commander rests. The stratagem succeeds only too well, and the officer is placed in the position of one who has violated the laws of hospitality and abused the confidence of his betrothed to bring defeat and ruin to her hitherto invincible father. The story ends, five years later, with a pretty but feeble sentimental scene, symbolical of the era of forgetfulness and conciliation, in which the speedy reunion of the lovers is foreshadowed. The play is likely to be popular, but the manner of the representation is more notable than the subject matter. The general quality of the acting is good, especially in the case of Frank Keenan, the Confederate general; the scenery is thoroughly artistic, and the military and domestic details are reproduced with a realistic accuracy which Mr. Belasco himself has never surpassed.

The London theatrical and musical friends of Sir Charles Santley and Sir John Hare are preparing to celebrate their elevation to knighthood with a big feast. Everybody is agreed that Santley has earned whatever honor there may be in the somewhat vulgarized distinction which has been awarded to him. He is one of the most trustworthy and conscientious, as well as one of the greatest, singers whom Great Britain has produced in the last century. His work in opera, in oratorio, and on the concert stage has rarely been surpassed. The dramatic power of his delivery was almost as remarkable as the beauty of his voice. Sir John Hare has not been so prominently or so long before the public, but it is generally acknowledged that the artistic finish of his miniature work has justified his selection for special honor. It is nevertheless noted that his range has been narrow, and that his highest achievements have been in the interpretation of Robertson and Pinero. He has never been associated with any famous dramatic work or any great dramatic conception. Correspondents of the London press are asking why Beerbohm Tree is not also Sir. As an actor he has—it cannot be denied—explored much wider fields than Mr. Hare, and he has expended vast sums in spectacular representations of Shakespearean fragments. He has, at least, dared greatly, if not always wisely. Perhaps Mr. Hare has commended himself to the authorities by never attempting the impossible, never trying to exceed the safe limit of his capacities.

The death is announced in London of Henry Kemble, an English actor, who will be remembered by older playgoers in this country as a low comedian of uncommon merit. He was a member of the famous Kemble family, and personally resembled the portraits of Stephen Kemble as Falstaff. He was born in London in 1847, and was educated by his aunt, the beautiful and accomplished Fanny Kemble. He acted with Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, and others.

Music.

Ignaz Jan Paderewski. By Edward Algernon Baughan. New York: John Lane Co. $1.

This volume on Paderewski, by one of the most distinguished of the musical critics of London, is the latest issue in John Lane's Living Masters of Music Series. It appears opportunely at a time when the pianist's sixth American tour is once more arousing public interest in his art, his personality, and his career. On all these points Mr. Baughan has provided as much information, culled from diverse sources, as could be expected in the space assigned to him. He dwells on the fact that Paderewski began his musical career as a composer; at the early age of seven he wrote a set of Polish dances, and at sixteen he played his own pieces to Russian audiences. At that time his technique was so weak that, as he afterwards confessed, "All the pieces he played were really his own, inasmuch as when he could not manage the difficult passages he merely improvised." He studied two years at the Warsaw Conservatory, and was then appointed professor there. Five years later he became professor of music at Strassburg. It was at this time that he met Mme. Modjeska, who was the first to recognize his extraordinary gifts, and to encourage him to develop them.

In 1886 he went to Vienna and studied with Leschetitzky, who gave him the technical surety and brilliancy he chiefly needed. Leschetitzky already had a high reputation as a teacher, and the subsequent success of this pupil made it world-wide, so that "pupil of Leschetitzky" has now come to mean almost as much as "pupil of Liszt." It is not likely that Paderewski would ever have become a teacher had he failed as a virtuoso; for, as he once said:

> Any one who takes up piano playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on himself an awful burden. But better that than the drudgery of giving pianoforte lessons. The one is only purgatory, but the other—hell.

Liszt did not regard teaching in that light; he evidently took pleasure in it; but Paderewski, since his conservatory days, has had only a few pupils, among them Antoinette Szumowska and Ernest Schelling. That he should describe the life of a professional pianist—he who has all the world at his feet—as purgatory, will

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surprise many; but they must bear in mind how much Liszt's *génie oblige* implies. Months before a famous pianist goes on a concert tour he has to practise daily for eight or ten hours, and he has to keep this up during the tour because of the stupendous technical difficulties of modern music. There are times, to cite Paderewski's own words, "when every movement of the hands is provocative of discomfort, if not actual pain." Often, after a performance, he adds, "I have had no little exhaustion of the shoulders and neck, and I have also suffered from severe neuralgic pains." Then there is the mental discomfort of nervousness from which great artists are never free. "The mere fact of knowing a great audience waits on your labors," he once said, "is enough to shake all your nerves to pieces."

His fame as a pianist began in Paris, was augmented in London, and reached its climax in the United States. In Germany he has not played often, although in Leipzig, as one critic wrote, "the public did not applaud, it raved." Mr. Baughan devotes a considerable number of pages to an attempt to describe the magic of Paderewski's art. He "possesses that curious magnetism which always enchains the attention of the public." He excels others in the art of "creating an atmosphere":

> No pianist so well understands how to produce beautiful tone; no pianist has such a variety of touch; and none such a grasp of the art of pedalling and phrasing. The Paderewski tone is a thing by itself.

Mr. Baughan does not overlook what he considers weak points in the Pole's armor; yet he has no difficulty in understanding why Paderewski has "the power of moving an audience as no pianist since Rubinstein has been able to move it."

To Paderewski, the composer, less attention is given than might have been wished, and no complete list of his works is appended. The nationalism of this Pole is considered in its relation to Chopin, and the curious fact is pointed out that there is also a strong vein of antique simplicity, as exemplified in the first minuet. Closely connected with this is the fact that Paderewski has taken special pleasure in rehabilitating Mendelssohn, whose "Songs Without Words" had been "made so dim by the clumsy handling of generations of schoolgirls." The author might have added that this pianist is now doing the same thing for the Chopin of the conservatory girls.

Richard Wagner, as a boy, wrote a good deal of poetry before it ever occurred to him to try his hand at composing music. That his poetic faculty matured before the musical is evident in his early operas, up to and including the "Flying Dutchman." Liszt did not exaggerate when he wrote that in the text of this opera every line "rises far above the opera texts heretofore known." It is a romantic story, poetically and dramatically told, with much fewer weak passages than there are in the music. Wagner was twenty-eight years old when he wrote this music, and there are not a few numbers which betray the influence of the fashionable Italian opera of that period. On the other hand, Senta's ballad is tuneful without betraying any such influence. What makes this early opera interesting to the Wagnerian devotee is the storm music, in which one scents the salt sea, and, still more, the power which Wagner already manifests of painting characters in music as well as in words. For this reason chiefly did the large audience which heard this opera at the Metropolitan (where it had not been sung for six years) on Monday applaud it. There was a strong cast, too, including Gadski, Van Rooy, Knote, Blass, and Dippel, and the setting was strikingly realistic—so far as marine realism is possible on the stage.

Very little chamber music is heard in our concert halls this season, and in view of the abundance of operatic and orchestral performances, which appeal to a larger class, this is perhaps not surprising. So far the only organizations heard have been the Margulies Trio two weeks ago, and the Kneisel Quartet on Tuesday night. The first concert of the Kneisels was unusually delayed because the resignation of Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Schroeder last spring made it necessary to engage a new second violinist and a new violoncellist. Mr. Kneisel was lucky in securing in their place Julius Roentgen and Willem Willeke, both well known abroad. The summer was evidently spent in daily practice, for the four men played with a precision and a sympathetic understanding that were astonishing. The offerings were a Mozart quartet in D minor, Beethoven's quartet, opus 57, No. 1, and Brahms's lovely C minor trio, in which Mr. Ganz took the piano part. Altogether the performance was such as to make the audience grateful that Mr. Kneisel was persuaded by his friends to refuse the offer of the conductorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra, an offer which, if accepted, would have ended the career of America's best chamber music organization.

Paderewski will be the soloist at the Boston Symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall this evening and Saturday afternoon, December 7. He will play Beethoven's concerto in E-flat major, "The Emperor," tonight, and Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, No. 4, on Saturday afternoon. This will be his only appearance in New York with an orchestra, and he will play only twice more here. His third recital will be on Saturday afternoon, December 14.

The elder Coquelin used to say that he lost 500 francs every time he acted at the Comédie Française instead of accepting more lucrative engagements elsewhere. Famous French singers might say the same thing regarding the Opéra. The Minister of Fine Arts pointed out the other day that the monthly compensation of the singers is in many cases surpassed by a single night's emoluments in America. The most high-priced singer at the Opéra is Alvarez, who gets $1,600 a month. Breval, the leading prima donna, has $1,500. At the Opéra Comique Mary Garden got $1,400 a month, and Clement gets $1,500. The average receipts per performance at the Grand Opéra last year were $3,357, and the five most popular operas were "Ariane," "Faust," "Salammbo," "Samson and Dalila," and "Die Meistersinger." At the Opéra Comique the receipts averaged $1,400, and the most popular operas were "Manon," "Madame Butterfly," "Carmen," and "Pelléas et Mélisande."

Art.

Painters and Sculptors: A Second Series of Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. 8vo; 72 illustrations. New York: Duffield & Co., $2.50.

Several of these essays have already appeared anonymously in the *Nation*; but we see no impropriety in saying that these new excursions of a painter in the field of criticism will be generally welcome; for, aside from his specific professional equipment, Mr. Cox commands certain qualities which are rare in writers about art. Saying clearly and well what he has to say, he eschews mere rhetoric. Disclaiming connoisseurship, his scholarship is adequate, while his insight as a painter, as in the essay on Holbein, at times affords discoveries that the connoisseurs have missed. Above all, he is judicious, weighing gingerly his personal admirations, and straining a point to do justice to a colleague, like Leighton, to whom the mode pays scant respect. Indeed, this impartiality amounts at times almost to a foible, depriving certain essays of any marked personal flavor.

As a whole, the book lacks the consistency and dignity of the first series, though containing, in the Holbein and Rodin, two of Mr. Cox's best pieces of criticism. Possibly, the material covers too wide a range. In the preface, for example, he moots the old dilemma of the artist as critic, arriving at the result that laymen frequently write bad art criticism, a statement that will hardly be disputed; and that artists, barring mere stylistics, generally write good art criticism, a truth that Mr. Cox himself has notably illustrated for a matter of twenty years. We want, in short, for either class simply a fair field, and no favor—a demand so obviously just that it is hardly worth while to put it into a preface. Discussing the Education of an Artist, our author shows himself the candid friend of the modern art school. It is a poor thing, he admits. It teaches practically nothing about painting, and actually nothing about artistic design. But, with all its defects, we must put up with it, since no better substitute is at hand. From the revived practice of mural painting, he hopes for a limited return to the old system of apprenticeship. It seems to us that Mr. Cox fails to strike the real grievance against the art school, which is that it does not even teach what it professes to teach, namely, drawing. It does teach a form of lifeless mechanical draughtsmanship which permits the pupil to represent with approximate correctness the contours of any object before him. But this is not drawing at all, as artists and even lay critics use the term. To see what fine drawing really is, one need only consult *passim* the essays on the Pollaiuoli, Rembrandt, and Holbein in the present volume.

Anent the death of Alfred Stevens, Mr. Cox has strung on a slight chronological thread a number of painters of the mode, from Holbein down. The paper is pleasant reading enough, and doubtless served its turn well in a popular magazine, but hardly seems of a substance to merit reprinting here.

It is a pleasure to pass from this and

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other *collectanea* to such admirable essays as the Holbein, Rembrandt, and Rodin. The Holbein particularly is a substantial contribution both to connoisseurhip and criticism. Mr. Cox convincingly attributes Holbein's curious reversal of form in his later work to the ruling fashion of portraiture in England under the Tudors. We thus find the almost unexampled development from full chiaroscuro and a rather thick pâte to shadowless, thinly painted forms, as flat, except for their exquisite contours, as a queen of cards. How Holbein wrung a triumph out of this tyrannical imposition is Mr. Cox's theme. He treats also the superlative beauty of Holbein's enamel, the painterlike qualities of the man, with more thoroughness and sympathy than any predecessor within our knowledge. The essay on Rembrandt, an address on the occasion of the Tercentenary, is so good and comprehensive that we should be glad to see it supersede that in the First Series. The later study catches more simply the isolated character of this art, its strange combination of the imaginative and the merely fantastic, its passionate absorption in the daily drama of light and darkness, its dæmonic manual ability.

The Rodin will seem a "cooling card" to unreserved adorers of this turbulent genius. It seems to us to grasp the fundamental limitation of this art, its lack, possibly its deliberate abnegation, of monumental quality, its exaggeration of its cardinal principle of penumbrage (admitting the word). It is perhaps worth while recalling here that technically Rodin has merely carried into large sculpture a kind of picturesqueness that recurs over and over again in fine small modelling of all periods. In the figurines of Clodion and Pradier, for example, one may find interesting anticipations of this mode. His innovations are rather temperamental than technical. In a certain drastic sensuousness his analogues are to be found, as we believe he himself admits, in late Gothic sculpture.

But in all these matters we refer the reader to Mr. Cox. In him they will find that "agreeable leading" which the new pragmatism assures us is the infallible test of truth, without missing the more old-fashioned guarantee of a certain austere probity.

The leading article in the *Burlington Magazine* for November is an editorial suggestion that the income of the Chantrey Fund for a number of years should be devoted to the completion of the decoration of the houses of Parliament, towards which nothing seems to have been done for many years. We sympathize with the editor's feeling that British artists should be able to rise to the task of monumental decoration, and that to refuse to give commissions for monumental work until there is a body of trained and experienced decorative painters is to resolve never to go into the water until one has learned to swim. There are in this country, also, those who are so troubled by the errors of inexperience that they prefer to do nothing, and, as in England, they need to be reminded that it is through errors that perfection is finally reached, and that we shall never have a noble school of monumental art unless our artists are constantly afforded the opportunity for efforts in that direction. But the insuring of a decorative effect in mural painting is not quite so simple a matter as the editorial writer in the *Burlington* seems to think. His idea is that "there is a way of insuring that no painter of average capacity shall produce work that is positively undecorative, namely, by compelling him to work with only a moderate range of tones." A definite standard of tone is to be fixed, and "all tones lighter than the selected standard may be used, but the introduction of any tone darker than the standard shall disqualify the painting containing it." Such a restriction might, indeed, prevent some faults, but it would, of course, insure no virtues, and it would often quite uselessly handicap the real decorator. For the true decorator, from Veronese to Tiepolo, has always found the occasional use of nearly pure black, in small quantities, extremely valuable. The kind of breadth and lightness of tone desirable in decoration is not to be attained merely by restricting one's self to half-tone—that is a counsel of timidity. It is to be attained by an intelligent use of all one's resources, of which black is not the least. And the whole question of tone is, after all, a minor one. It is the question of design that is vital. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of a newly rediscovered early picture of Constable's, Dedham Vale, accompanied by an article by C. J. Holmes. The department of Art in America is occupied, this time, with American subjects, Kenyon Cox writing of the pictures by Winslow Homer in the Metropolitan Museum, and William Walton of New York's Art Commission.

A learned discussion of statues of the Dioscuri, by Giuseppe Cultura, is the leading article of the November *Bollettino d'Arte*. His point of departure is the colossal Dioscur found at Baiæ twenty years ago, and recently acquired by the Italian State. In all these great images the problem is to reconcile the rather archaic forms of the body with the Alexander-Helios type of the head. This anachronism makes it difficult to accept the old theory that most of the extant examples are copies of originals of the fourth century. Signor Cultura's suggestion is that the composite type is of Roman origin, corresponding to the Latin vogue of the Castor and Pollux cult. Greece, he thinks, borrowed the type in turn from her conqueror. This view runs with the prevailing tendency to admit a greater diversity and freedom in the eclectic sculpture of Rome. Arduino Colasanti publishes for the first time a St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by Gentile da Fabriano. This exquisite early work is in the Fornari collection at Fabriano, where curiously enough exists also an old copy by Giovanni da Paolo of Siena—one more evidence of the imitative habits of this uneven painter. In the news section is reported the condemnation, on appeal, of a citizen of Verona for selling the balconies adorning the front of his own house, although these were not on the "inventory of precious objects." The Court of Appeals ruled that these carvings, having long been shown to all, "the public had acquired their enjoyment"—a sort of vested right to beauty. Such incidents make the selling or even the buying of antiques in Italy a fearful trade. But with small fines on a rising market it may presumably be endured.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued a monograph on Augustus Saint-Gaudens, by Royal Cortissoz, illustrated with photogravure plates after twenty-four of that artist's works, including almost all his more important statues and a number of his medallions and reliefs. Mr. Cortissoz writes of the great artist's character from personal knowledge and fullness of sympathy, and of his art with much insight and discrimination. The only fault to be found with his essay is a certain lack of incisiveness in his smooth and easy style. He sees rightly what are the qualities of the work he is discussing, but either he does not see very sharply or he is not able to convey in language a definite image of what he sees. His portrait is a true one, but it is a trifle blurred. There are several unaccountable errors in Mr. Cortissoz's notes on particular works, printed as descriptions of the plates and apart from the text. Thus the relief of the artist's son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, is described as "one of the earliest medallions he produced," though it is dated five years later than that of George W. Maynard, reproduced in this volume, and two or three years later than four other medallions here illustrated. The medallion of C. C. Beaman is said to have been "modelled in the early eighties," in spite of its exceptionally clear inscription which dates it 1894. Finally, of the Columbus medal Mr. Cortissoz says: "Of the two designs made by Saint-Gaudens the second was adopted. The reverse of the one abandoned has a special interest," etc. This is misleading. Saint-Gaudens made two designs for the reverse of this medal—only one for the obverse—and of the two designs for the reverse neither was adopted. The clumsy composition actually used was by another hand. The plates are well executed, but are not always from the best attainable photographs. The great statues suffer more in this way than the medallions, as also by the great reduction in scale. The book is handsomely printed and got up, and will prove, in spite of the minor errors commented on, a desirable possession.

A new book by Bernhard Berenson is an event of some importance, and he has now concluded his series of studies of the Italian schools by issuing "The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book has all the characteristics of its predecessors, but it does not deal with so interesting a subject. Except for Mantegna and Correggio it treats of hardly any artists approaching the first rank, and instead of showing us why this or that colossus is colossal, Mr. Berenson is, in the main, occupied with showing us why this or that pygmy is no larger. Even as regards his two great men, Mr. Berenson is more anxious to show why they are not the greatest than why they are great. Of the most of the men he discusses, it may fairly be said that, in a larger view, it matters very little what they did or why they did it. In short, this volume's importance is that it is the negative end of Mr. Berenson's demonstration of his theory of art, as its companion volumes were the positive end. He is now dealing with the absence of his three great qualities, tactile values, movement, and space-composition, as he has before dealt with their presence, and the burden is ever the same—these are the things that make serious art, and in

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their absence art ceases to be serious. Near the end he confesses that color deserves more attention than he has given it, and expresses the hope that some day he may be able to repair the deficiency. His mature views on that element of art cannot fail to be interesting, and one hopes that his "some day" may be an early one. At the end there are the usual tables of works by the artists, considered in the text, and Mr. Berenson's attributions will probably arouse the usual amount of discussion among the experts.

Dr. Max Kemmerich's "Die frühmittelalterliche Porträtmalerei in Deutschland bis zur Mitte des 13. Jahrhunderts" (Munich: Calwey) is a carefully written and interesting work from an historical as well as from an artistic point of view, giving a clear and consecutive survey of mediæval portrait painting in Germany from the eighth to the middle of the thirteenth century. Early portraits of this period, as is evident from those preserved in the few illuminated manuscripts transmitted to us from the time of Charlemagne, lack individuality, the artists aiming chiefly to show by apparel, attitudes, and various attributes the office or rank of the persons portrayed without attempting to delineate marked peculiarities of the features, color, expression of the eyes, and other distinctive characteristics. Some improvement in these respects is perceptible about a century later, under Charlemagne's grandson, Charles the Bald, but the highest development in this direction was attained during the reign of Otto III., in the last decades of the tenth century—a progress, however, not at all due to the initiative or influence of these sovereigns, who are here mentioned only for chronological purposes. The author obtains his material almost exclusively from illustrated manuscripts, Bibles, codices, liturgies, and other such sources. The book contains a list of more than 350 portraits of early mediæval persons, a number of which are reproduced, and some of them for the first time, thus adding to its attractiveness and value.

The Municipal Art Society of New York will hold its seventh annual exhibition at No. 119 East Nineteenth Street, in March, 1908. The exhibition will include proposed or completed schemes in decorative painting and sculpture, landscape gardening, drawings or photographs of municipal architecture of a decorative or monumental character; civic centres and improvements in American and European cities, fountains, stained glass, mosaics, models of work executed in stone, wood, bronze, or wrought iron; street fixtures, bridges, maps of proposed parkways, park fixtures, window boxes, and similar objects which illustrate phases of municipal improvement.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' shops in this city are pictures by John La Farge at Macbeth's till December 12; miniatures by Alyn Williams, president of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, England, at Arthur Tooth & Sons'; Barbizon and modern Dutch paintings, Theodore C. Noes's; early English, French, Dutch, and Flemish masters, Blakeslee's.

Finance.

AFTER THE PANIC.

The end of partial suspension of cash payments by the banks is plainly in sight. Whether other cities will return to a cash basis simultaneously with New York, is a disputed question; but in any case general resumption cannot be long delayed. With such resumption, not only will the currency premium disappear, but huge hoards of cash will return to the banks for deposit. Blockade of exchange between interior cities will be broken; the wheels of commercial machinery will again move freely; "token money" will disappear; and mills, shut down merely for outright lack of currency will start up; Stock Exchange prices will seemingly declare that the panic of 1907 is over.

What then? Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's Paris *Economiste* has prophesied that "a season of reaction is in store, not for a few weeks or a few months, but for several years." Not many American prophets have publicly taken such positive ground. Roswell Miller of the directorate of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, said last week that "business will not recover from this reaction for several months." Stuyvesant Fish declared the country to be "confronted with a period of depression which must of necessity last until confidence is restored," and the only basis for such restoration he believed to be "house-cleaning" by corporations in whose management the country has lost faith, or punishment of the guilty officers. This would take more than "several months." President W. H. Truesdale of the Lackawanna predicted better things "after a period of reaction"—whether of months or years, he did not say. James J. Hill observed that the country "needs the rest cure," that "we all want to go to sleep for a good long time and wake up with both eyes open." But Mr. Hill did not say how long the sleep should be. Reasoning on somewhat different lines, Sir Felix Schuster, one of the most far-seeing London bankers, declared that "the United States out of its own resources would ultimately overcome the present troubles"; but he did not say when "ultimately" would be.

What have we ahead of us? In his heart, every financier and business man of experience will answer, A long period of slackening trade, with incidental industrial depression, and a slow recovery. He feels this to be true, for two good reasons—one, that the blow has so injured the whole credit system that it cannot recover except after prolonged liquidation; the other, that general trade, quite as truly as financial values, has long been on an unnatural and inflated basis. This second assumption does not mean that the country's merchants have as a class been doing business in a speculative way. The fact seems to be that they have not; that they had distrusted the reckless tendencies of the day, and were sailing reasonably close-reefed when the hurricane broke. Had they not been doing so, we should have heard a vast deal more of mercantile failures since October 24. But what the man of experience knows quite as well, is that even where producers and middlemen have not been rashly abusing credit, consumers have. The buying capacity of the community as a whole has been radically cut down by the shock; excesses in the scale of living must perforce be abandoned; retrenchment instead of lavish expenditure will become the social virtue; and all this means that for a good while to come trade demand will contract and production will decrease. The community as a whole must now set to work to pay its debts, and debt-paying does not mean continuance of a "boom."

There are reasons for hoping that the parallel with the panics of 1893 and 1873, so remarkably close up to the present moment, may not be so exact in the longer sequel. The aftermath of those older American panics was three years of genuine hard times on the one occasion and four on the other. But we are not burdened with the bankrupt industrial West of 1893. To-day the West is considering, not where it will borrow when panic is over, but where it will lend. Nor is the country as a whole the semi-insolvent debtor to Europe as in 1873; we are still largely in command of the international exchanges; we have paid off our foreign debt, and we have a vast reserve of resources which Europe, willingly or not, must buy from us. The extent to which these factors will in the next few years offset the inevitable hardships of forced and prolonged industrial liquidation will soon be evident.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Katharine M. Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Æschylus' Agamemnon. Translated by John Conington. Henry Frowde.

Aeschylus's Prometheus Bound. Translated by Robert Whitelaw. Henry Frowde.

Agriculture, Report of the Secretary, 1907. Washington.

Ashcroft, Ralph. To My Comrade.

Baekeland, Leo Hendrick. A Family Motor Tour through Europe. The Horseless Age.

Bartlett, Truman H. The Art Life of William Rimmer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Beach, Edward L. An Annapolis Plebe. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Bingham, Clifton. Let's Pretend. Dutton. $1.

Bligh, W. G. The Practical Design of Irrigation Works. Van Nostrand. $6 net.

Brine, Mary D. Grandma's Memories. Dutton. 50 cents.

British Academy, Proceedings of, 1905-1906. Henry Frowde.

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